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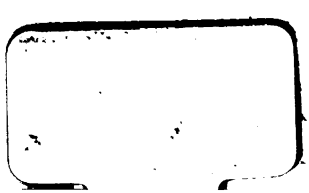
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S. H. 1828.

ITALY

AND

OTHER POEMS.



BY

WILLIAM SOTHEBY.

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ITALY.

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ROME.

CANTO THE FIRST.

CONTENTS.

The sublimest views of Nature, the Volcanos of the Andes, and the Cataract of Niagara, contrasted and compared with the Ruins of Rome:—the superior interest excited by the latter.—The grandeur and extent of the ruins, on, and around the Palatine.—The desolation of the Via Sacra: its splendour in the Triumph of Aurelian.—The Campo Vaccino reduced to the state described by Virgil in the age of Evander.—Reflections arising from the similarity of scenery at different periods in the progress of Society.—The beauty and grandeur of modern Rome.

ROME.

CANTO THE FIRST.

WANDERER! who lov'st the pathless solitude,
Where, in wild grandeur, Nature dwells alone
On the bleak mountain, and th' unsculptur'd stone,
'Mid torrents, and dark range of forests rude;
Go, where, coeval with the birth of Time,
Wild woods that crest the rocky ridge sublime
Wave in the tempest's sweep:
Or on the Cordillera's icy brow
View, from a thousand rent volcanos, flow
The fire-floods blazing up from central night:
Or under shadow of the cataract,
With deep and dread delight,
Stand where Niagara's flood wears down the mountain tract.

Such scenes in all their wild magnificence
Alone hold commune with the awe-struck eye:
Year after year rolls by,
Like wave on wave o'er trackless oceans vast:
And as the ages die and recommence,
They blend not with the memory of the past.
Time strikes but one one moment,. o'er and o'er:
The same same image palls th' o'er-wearied sense:
The wonder awes no more.

Ask of the savage and his solitude
The history and the record of the past:
The answer, audible on every blast,
By day, by night renew'd;
A howling of the wastes, the wilds, the woods,
And melancholy roar of unfrequented floods.

Mine be the haunt where Earth's crown'd city rose;
The solitude, where every echo brings
The voice of nations: where the teeming earth
Recalls her generations into birth:
Where every stone beneath the foot-step rings
Of glory, and its track records the car
That bore the victor 'mid the spoils of war:
There print my foot in dust, all animate
With an undying spirit, dust, where Fame
Gives to the lifeless, life, and man th' immortal name—

Oh, thou enchanting scene!
Where Truth and Fancy at one fountain head
Fill the o'erflowing urn!—Where all that lured
From summer rills, or vernal meadows green,
My boyhood, and, in after time matur'd
The spirit of the man to manly thought,
At once, in one embodied vision wrought,
Before me rose.—I stood where Brutus stood,
And sternly rising to his arduous task,
Flung from his brow feign'd Laughter's idiot mask.
The plain before me lay,
Where Cincinnatus on the unfurrow'd field
Thrice laid his laurell'd shield.
I trod on sacred ground,
Where Freedom, bending o'er her altar, saw
The second Brutus rising from the wound,
That at the base of Pompey's statue laid
Cæsar beneath his blade.
I went where Victory either Scipio crown'd:
Where Cato's foot its vestige had imprest:
And Regulus onward stept, nor deign'd to cast
On suppliant Rome his view;
But, led by death, triumphantly withdrew.
I glow'd where senates caught the living fire
From Tully's lip, that, like the lightning flame,
Fell on mute guilt, and crush'd the traitor's crest:

And where a Virgil swept th' heroic lyre,
And blending with his own a nation's fame,
Gave Rome "th' eternal name,"
The goddess of a world's idolatry,
In mailed grandeur tower'd my sight before:
And they, her sons, who rest not with the dead,
They gather'd to her rising; they, of yore
The mighty:—all, whoe'er, age after age,
Hero, and bard, and sage,
All who built up her immortality,
Burst their sepulchral bed;
And round her beam'd the godlike glow,
Light, that yet leads the world—the glory round her brow.

Fall then, as may, her ruins! vanish all!
Let Time from his o'ershadowing pennons throw
The dust of ages on the sev'n-hill'd brow,
And round the wreck of Nero's golden hall
The fox, that haunts the desert, daily prowl,
And echo answer the night-shrieking owl;
In Livia's bath, beneath the painted roof,
Let swoln bats cling aloof;
And arcs of triumph moulder into dust,
Where hissing serpents twine round Cæsar's broken bust:

Yea, let her temple perish, and her dome,
Worthiest of God, and wonder of the world,
Sink into atoms hurl'd;
Nor stone be left on stone to tell its birth:
Yet temple, tow'r, and column, are not Rome:
They laid not the foundation of her fame;
No adamantine wall built up her mighty name:
But virtues, that exalted human-kind;
But firm resolve, that gloriously achieved
The bold emprise by boundless hope conceived;
But courage, casting fate and fear behind,
And wisdom, whose irrevocable word
Subdu'd the awe-struck soul ere Valour girt the sword.

Thus Rome, from realm to realm, spread out her reign;
And still on her colossal wrecks imprest,
On all, in rival grandeur manifest,
The traces of an earthly god remain.
Lo! how her Coliseum's mountain crest
Sublimely tow'rs, and lone, 'mid Rome's wide waste,
Dwells in its strength!—Trace o'er yon measureless plain
Arches on arches, range by range extending,
That with the Latian hills blue distance blending,

Fade slow from sight, and on their marble brow
The burden of collected rivers bear;
Grey aqueducts, that drink in lands remote
Pure waters at their source, and free the waves,
In torrent floods, that from the realm of air
Rome's summer pavement float,
Gushing perpetual forth as from their native caves.

Go, where the patriot chief, the old, the blind,
O'er marsh, o'er mount, bare rock, or wooded hill,
All that oppos'd his will,
Bow'd Nature to the yoking of his mind:
And on her patient strength the causeway laid,
For Time's eternal footstep made—

Ascend the Palatine:
O'er wreck of wrecks, 'mid labyrinths of decay
Wind thy laborious way.
There in Augustus' roofless hall recline;
And, where the Cæsars in their mortal day,
Amid adoring Rome,
Vouchsafed to dwell, and in an earthly home
Assum'd with Jove supreme divided sway:
While conquer'd nations, gathering from afar,
Led on beneath their light,
Flow'd, worshipping, and hail'd the Julian star,
Behold the unimaginable sight.

All, all is desolate; lo! all around,
Death, and the funeral mound:
And all beneath, throughout the Sacred Way
A dreary waste, and wrecks on either side,
That solitude from solitude divide.

Not mournfuller that region, when of yore
Stern-bending o'er yon height's o'erhanging head,
Nero, at midnight's outrag'd hour,
Mad with impunity of pow'r,
From banquets where the Furies fed,
And masked bacchanals stagger'd round
Nymphs with zones unbound,
Watch'd the wide-blazing wreck his torch had spread,
And as the conflagration onward came,
And fiercer glow'd the firmament of fire
Crimsoning his golden lyre,
Harp'd Ilium's fall o'er Rome in flame.

Yet, underneath the mount, whereon I lay,
While with tir'd foot the pilgrim wander'd lone
In the drear silence of the Sacred Way,
'Mid wastes with weeds o'ergrown;
Onward, methought, I saw far nations flow,
As to their central home;
And the wide desert, fluctuating, glow

With restless multitudes; and one the voice
That rose from all: that voice, the shout of Rome.
Methought, before me past, in mournful weeds,
Kings, uncrown'd kings, whose link'd captivity
Made proud the Roman eye:
And ivory images aloft display'd
Of conquer'd realms; and laurell'd chiefs array'd
With victory: and in robes of snowy fold,
Priests, and their victims, that Clitumnus fed,
Jove's milk-white bullocks of gigantic mold:
And battle-breathing steeds,
Their manes in wild luxuriance floating o'er
Pards, and the brindled forms that Libya breeds:
The war-neigh mingling with the lion roar.
Here elephants, that spoils of nations bore,
'Mid clouds of dust that darkness round them roll'd,
Wreath'd up the column of their trunks on high,
In search of purer sky:
There, chariots charged with Victory, moving on
In order, under eagles, wrought in gold,
Swell'd the slow triumph; while thro' either arch,
Where burnt the battle on the breathing stone,
Aurelian wound his march.
Four milk-white coursers bore the god along,
Timing their measur'd paces to consent
Of clarions, and each loud-voic'd instrument,

And choral thunder of the Pæan song.
His trophied car, laboring along the way,
Like a war-laden vessel that divides
The rolling of the tides,
Sever'd the myriads floating round th' array.
And where a slave bore up, with outstretch'd hands,
Her fetters' galling bands,
Slow, with majestic pace, the Palmyrene,
Bright in her beauty, radiant from afar,
In blaze of jewels seen,
The Conqueror of the East, the Syrian queen,
Thro' shouting Rome led on Aurelian's car;
Grac'd the triumphal pomp, and glorified the war.

Ye! on whose sires of old the galling yoke
Lay heavy! ye, on Danube's blood-stain'd soil,
Where Victory pil'd Rome's trophy'd spoil:
Or where dark Nile her swarthy myriads fed:
Or where, 'mid gliding Euphrats' golden meads,
Sprang the couch'd lion from th' o'ershadowing reeds;
Or Tygris, like an arrow sped,
Severing the green isle from the sandy main:
Or where, athwart the Parthian plain,
The archer, flying, shower'd behind
Shafts that outstript the wind:
Or where the Briton turn'd with hunter spear

The legion's mail'd career;
Ere yet before Rome's present god
The Cambrian monarch calmly trod,
And sternly grasp'd his lion chain:
Stern, as when conqueror in his scythed car
He mow'd the ranks, and strow'd on Britain's plain
Rome's iron field of war,
And still'd her rout beneath the roaring main:
Calm, as when peaceful on the ocean's side,
At eve's slow turn of flood,
He leant upon his buckler's shaggy hide,
And saw the surge along the sea-line foam,
Heave back the golden shield, and eagle helm of Rome.
Come ye! on whose bow'd strength the iron yoke
Heavily weighed, stand on her wreck, and say,
" Was it the arm of man that dealt the blow
" Which laid the mighty low?
" Or past the angel of the Lord on way,
" And pour'd o'er yon wide wastes outstretch'd below
" The vial of his wrath:—the vengeance, and the woe?"

Stand on her wreck, and say,
" Art thou that Rome of whom our fathers spoke,
" The terrible, the thunder-bolt of war:

" The sound of whose mail'd footstep from afar
" Their gather'd battle broke?
" Sleep in thy sloth, on Tyber's level shore,
" Beneath th' abandoned hills, thy ancient reign!
" Thou, golden Eagle, sleep! ne'er drunk with gore
" Thy beak shall banquet on the battle-plain:
" The war trump shall disturb thy dream no more.
" No more the giant, renovate from rest,
" Shall, scornful of his lair,
" From slumber, from a thousand years' repose,
" Start into strength; and while around him flows
" The dark profusion of his unshorn hair,
" Strike with the lightning lance that fires the air
" The gather'd dust of ages from the shield
" That turned to flight the field."—

At God's appointed day,
The conquerors, and their armies, that unfurl'd
The banner, whose o'ershadowing dim'd the world,
Come forth, and move in might, and pass away:
Whether his angel scatter their array;
Or pestilence, or famine waste the globe:
Or ere the wonted hour, when ice-storms meet,
Wing'd at his word,
The soft snow loosing her ethereal robe,
O'er buried armies spread one winding sheet.

At God's appointed day,
They, and the world's thron'd empires, one by one
Pass off—the work of woe—their ministration done.
But Time, that sweeps their refuse wrecks away,
To Nature and her elements, again
Restores their ancient reign.
Still, as of old, ere Tyre her merchant crown'd,
The tempests, as they lash the billows, spread
The salt foam on her rock's uncovered head:
Thro' solitude, that once was Babylon,
Euphrates in its fullness rushes on;
And still the turbid maze
Of Tyber, laboring down the Latian plain,
Thro' Rome's wide wastes, and silent Ostia strays,
Discolouring, as erst, the bright cerulean main.

I heard the echo from yon hills around
Bring back their earliest sound,
The free wind wandering round the mountain brow;
And where man's many-voiced lip was mute,
The inarticulate brute,
The lowings of the wild and wandering herd
Burst, where the world and Rome once hung on
Tully's word.—

I saw the ages backward roll'd,
The scenes long-past restore:

Scenes that Evander bad his guest behold,
When first the Trojan stept on Tyber's shore—
The shepherds in the Forum pen their fold;
And the wild herdsman, on his untamed steed,
Goads with prone spear the heifer's foaming speed,
Where Rome, in second infancy, once more
Sleeps in her cradle.—But—in that drear waste,
In that rude desert, when the wild goat sprung
From cliff to cliff, and the Tarpeian rock
Lour'd o'er the untended flock,
And eagles on its crest their aery hung:
And when fierce gales bow'd the high pines, when blaz'd
The lightning, and the savage in the storm
Some unknown godhead heard, and, awe-struck, gaz'd
On Jove's imagin'd form:—
And in that desert, when swoln Tyber's wave
Went forth the Twins to save,
Their reedy cradle floating on his flood:
While yet the infants on the she-wolf clung,
While yet they fearless play'd her brow beneath,
And mingled with their food
The spirit of her blood,
As o'er them seen to breathe

With fond reverted neck she hung,
And lick'd in turn each babe, and formed with fostering tongue:
And when the founder of imperial Rome
Fix'd on the robber hill, from earth aloof,
His predatory home,
And hung in triumph round his straw-thatcht roof
The wolf skin, and huge boar tusks, and the pride
Of branching antlers wide:
And tow'r'd in giant strength, and sent afar
His voice, that on the mountain echoes roll'd,
Stern preluding the war:
And when the shepherds left their peaceful fold,
And from the wild-wood lair, and rocky den,
Round their bold chieftain rush'd strange forms of barbarous men:
Then might be seen by the presageful eye
The vision of a rising realm unfold,
And temples roof'd with gold.
And in the gloom of that remorseless time,
When Rome the Sabine seiz'd, might be foreseen
In the first triumph of successful crime,
The shadowy arm of one of giant birth
Forging a chain for earth:
And tho' slow ages roll'd their course between,
The form as of a Cæsar, when he led

His war-worn legions on,
Troubling the pastoral stream of peaceful Rubicon.

Such might o'er clay-built Rome have been foretold
By word of human wisdom. But—what word,
Save from thy lip, Jehovah's prophet! heard,
When Rome was marble, and her temples gold,
And the globe Cæsar's foot-stool, who, when Rome
View'd th' incommunicable name divine
Link a Faustina to an Antonine
On their polluted temple; who but thou,
The prophet of the Lord! what word, save thine,
Rome's utter desolation had denounc'd?
Yet, ere that destin'd time,
The love-lute, and the viol, song, and mirth,
Ring from her palace roofs.—Hear'st thou not yet,
Metropolis of earth!
A voice borne back on every passing wind,
Wherever man has birth,
One voice, as from the lip of human-kind,
The echo of thy fame?—Flow they not yet,
As flow'd of yore, down each successive age
The chosen of the world, on pilgrimage,
To commune with thy wrecks, and works sublime,
Where genius dwells enthron'd?—Ere yet the time

When the seven hills their glory shall forget,
Fair on thy splendor laughs the azure clime,
And sun-beams dart from dome to dome their light.
Stranger! come forth; and on the o'erhanging height,
Hills, with gay groves and marble villas crown'd,
That compass her around,
Behold how Rome asserts her ancient claim,
And sole, 'mid earth's crown'd realms, assumes th'
" eternal name."

ROME.

CANTO THE SECOND.

CONTENTS.

A GENERAL view of Rome from the Convent of St. Onofrio. —The Pantheon—St. Peter's—The Pyramid of Caius Cestius—The Coliseum.

CANTO THE SECOND.

WHENCE? from what station, shall the eye command
The glorious scenery?—Shall thy garden brow,
Fair Pincian! fix our stand?
Where, oft the dawn, day after day, has seen
My lone foot winding its delightful way
Thro' fragrance, and gay flow'rs, and arbors green:
And oft, when noon-tide's fiery ray
Intensely glar'd, where the dark ilex cast
O'er thy fresh fount the coolness of its shade,
Beneath its gloom I past:
Regardless not that in that fav'rite haunt
Under that ilex shade,
While the fresh fount perpetual music made,
From the surrounding scene a Poussin drew
His rich and mellow hue:
And Claude there taught his pencil how to trace
The soft aerial grace,

That sooth'd the westering sun, whose orb of light,
Like molten gold, on the proud temple shone:
And when the cooler hour came on,
Stole the chaste tint from the meek brow of eve,
That gliding into night,
There turn'd a last, and loveliest gleam to leave.

But—nor thy brow, fair Pincian! nor thy fount,
Soft-murmuring on the mount;
Nor where Corsini's terrace lifts its height,
Severing the scene: no, nor thy green alcoves,
Mellini, and gay bow'rs, and golden groves,
Now fix my step—I seek a lovelier scite,
A sacred spot, where a gigantic oak
Spreads its luxuriant boughs, by Time unbroke.
That tree is hallow'd.—Bears it not his name,
Who unto Salem's scenes, her pastoral plain,
Her olive-shaded mount,
Bleak Horeb, and pure Siloa's silver fount,
Gave . . . if ought less than voice of prophet strain
Could give . . . undying fame?—
'Tis Tasso's oak.—'Twas there, at life's last close,
By years, yet more by woe than years, opprest,
The pilgrim of Onofrio came to rest.
What tho', awhile a sojourner, remov'd
From nature, under gilded roofs, in courts

Where Luxury resorts,
With princes, and proud ladies, passing fair,
The bard had dwelt: his spirit ever lov'd
The breathing of the fresh and fragrant air,
And all that nature in her wild abode
Spreads o'er free solitudes, with song of bird,
Or music sweeter heard,
That with the flowing of the water flow'd:
These, that had charmed Sorrento's child, would yield
To age a child's enjoyment.—Here—his home—
His haunt th'o'ershadowing oak.—Before him tow'r'd
Th' expectant Capitol, whose laurel wreath
Serv'd but to mock th' unconscious brow beneath
The hand of envious Death.—Below him, Rome
Spread out her pomp: he heeded not.—Above,
The sun, in brightness of the blaze of noon,
Flam'd forth: he heeded not:—but when the moon
Stole out, and sweeter breathed the orange grove;
While all in heaven, wherein her orb was seen,
Seem'd, like her light, serene;
And all on earth, whereon her mildness lay,
Calm as her soothing ray,
Then would her votary to that oak repair:
And when he felt the fresh and fragrant breeze
Fan his wan cheek, lifting his silver hair,
It seem'd to him, that with the moon on way

An angel ever went,
To the world-wearied man in mercy sent:
And he would kneel, and hail a spirit there,
Who, looking on his misery, bade it cease:
While the low voice of one, whose soul was peace,
Past from his lip in pray'r.

Queen of the Nations! . . . hail!
How beautiful from Latium's level plain
Th' Eternal City seems aloft to soar!
Palace, and tow'r, and fane,
And swelling domes, and votive columns rise.
The crest that proudly bore up Antonine
Lifts its colossal size:
And imag'd wars, that Trajan's shaft entwine,
Sculpture his triumph on the dark-blue skies.
There, Tyber flows, and rolling on its flood
By turbid torrents fed,
Restlessly labours down his yellow bed,
'Mid palaces, and wrecks and solitude.
Here, obelisks, th' Ægyptian's ancient pride,
Whose shadows, journeying with the sun, beheld
How Nile beneath their brow his deluge swell'd;
Then slowly wafted burden'd ocean o'er,
Rested at Rome's command, and tow'r'd on Tyber's shore.

View'st thou yon granite columns, on whose crest
Corinthian grace and grandeur rest?
There, radiant, 'mid the wrecks of time,
In beauty, chaste—simplicity, sublime—
Stands the Pantheon: and uplifts above
The tempest, and the range of earthly storm,
The dome that held the synod of high Jove:
And opening its proud summit on the sky,
Gave to the worshipper no meaner form
To mingle with his bright idolatry,
Than heaven, and its resplendent imag'ry;
The sun a god by day, the moon by night,
The wandering planet, and the fixed star
That darts its beam from far,
Or comet in wide course trailing its lurid light.

But far above its soaring amplitude
Behold another dome,
In the blue element with sun-shine blended.—
Another and the same, o'er awe-struck Rome,
Amid the solitude of space suspended,
Crowns the sublimest fane by mortal trod,
And swells the choral hymn that lauds the living God.—

Sublimest Temple of the living God!
Shall I no more the thrilling transport feel

That o'er me came, when, ere thy court I trod,
I saw, far off, a crown of braided light
Purple thy cross? that purple light, which eve
Seem'd like a glory round thy dome to weave,
When in the peaceful hour, half day, half night,
Th' aerial wonder first entranc'd my view,
And more than mortal power my spirit onward drew.

The sun had thro' a gorgeous canopy
Of gold, of purple, and of azure sheen,
Wheel'd his broad orb, and set with glow serene;
And all was stillness to the ear and eye:
The labours of the day began to cease,
And all without was calm, and all within was peace;
But deep the glow and tumult in my heart,
When on th' eternal flint my foot-step rung:
Thought, fancy, feeling, to one object clung;
Nor joy, nor woe, there claim'd divided part.
On, to the temple; on, I sped my way,
Reckless that Tyber's flood athwart my passage lay.
I saw no flood, no court, no pillar'd zone
That girt it round: I heard no fountain play;
With guideless foot, as sunk the dying day,
I sped impatient on;
And stood beneath the dome, at fall of night,
What time a priest, dim seen, slow pac'd with lonely light.

Else, all was darkness; all mysterious gloom:
Save where, bright flaming round the altar, rose
The silver lamps, that day nor night repose,
And here and there the baldachin illume,
Where the colossal column's brazen frame
Catches on wreathed spires by fits the gliding flame.
And, save those lamps, and that departing light,
Darkness above, beneath me, and around:
No marble glitter'd thro' the gloom profound;
Tomb, statue, column, none disturb'd the sight:
The spirit of devotion fill'd the whole,
And sealing up the lip, held commune with the soul.

Dome! worthiest of the God! if worthy aught
By human genius wrought:
If worthy aught, save the invisible shrine,
The temple of the heart, in whose pure cell,
Illumin'd by thy presence, Spirit divine!
High thoughts celestial dwell.
Dome! worthiest of the God! shall I no more
In silence there adore?
No more with breath suspended, bow to hear
A voice, as of a note of angel song,
In single sweetness stealing on the ear?
Or that rich stream, which swelling as it roll'd
The echoing aisles around,

Shook the responsive dome with measur'd sound?
Or, when the day begins to dim,
Hear from a chord that vibrates in the heart,
The peaceful echo of the vesper hymn;
And feel, the while its last low cadence closes,
How with the dying day the soothed soul reposes?

Shall I no more, unseen,
When, like the rest of death, sleep lies on Rome,
Woo Night's cool breath, th' aerial founts between?
And when with iron mace on tow'r and dome,
Time strikes with thousand hands the midnight bell,
Rousing the pale monk from his sleepless cell,
There view the moon wheel her bright orb serene,
And all her glory spread o'er that unrivall'd scene?

Oh, thou, fair Moon! whose soft and silver light
Beams like a milder day,
Shall I ne'er view again, thou Sun of Night!
Beneath thy beauteous ray,
The temple, and the tow'ring of its dome
Drawn up, methought, by thy celestial might;
As if, on earth, as on the moving main,
Sov'reign alike o'er both, thou held'st unrivall'd reign?

They seem'd to soar; while in thy light array'd,
That fill'd with splendour all the court around,
The crescents of the stately colonnade,
Range within range, by triple pillars crown'd,
Shone, as thy beams, round each successive row,
That softly swell'd, or sank away from sight,
In ceaseless gleam of undulating flow,
Here boldly seen, there furtively betray'd,
Shade chasing light, and light pursuing shade,
Glided like summer waves, when winds forget to blow.
And all the while, rainbows in rainbows wreath'd
Their colours, borrow'd of the lunar beams
Around the rival fountain's pillar'd streams.
They rose and fell; and in their rise and fall
Show'r'd light and music on the eye and ear:
Like playful spirits of the northern sphere,
Waving the banners that lost day recall,
And as they quiver in their native sky,
Breathe a soft voice of flame and melody.

Thou, that amid Aurelian's war-fenc'd bound
Haughtily tow'r'st, making thyself a part
Of Rome's proud guardianship—unlike thou art
To all, far off or nigh, that rise around,
Palace, or dome, or castle turret-crown'd,

Or triumph arch—Cestian! I know thee now:
Thy crest, that tapering from its base, spires up,
Edg'd like a warrior's lance.—But—why that brow
Rais'd as in scorn?—Is it, that thou alone
Pre-eminent above the vale of death,
Thy crest alone, that the low sun illumes,
Lengthens its pointed shade, o'er those beneath
In darkness mouldering: o'er the strangers' tombs,
The unhallow'd graves?—Yet not in thee lies hid,
Not in thy cell, deceitful Pyramid!
Rests the committed urn—thou, to thy trust,
Like those that in the Ægyptian's sea of sand
Have op'd their chambers, thou, alike unjust,
Hast to the spoiler's desecrating hand,
Loos'd the sepulchral dust.

Ah! will they rest
The strangers in the sanctuary of the dead:
They, whose last sleep is in a foreign bed:
Whose sepulchre unblest
Invites the scoffer's tread?
Enough, stern Rome! their grave is delv'd in earth
That smil'd not on their birth:
That they in death stretch'd out a restless hand
In vain . . . for that far land:
That when beneath his dart the sufferers lay,
No kindred soothing stole a pang away:

Enough, that on the darkness of their bier
Fell not a kindred tear:
Enough, the taunt that round their hurry'd hearse
The blessing turn'd to curse.
We ask not, Rome! thy priest, nor bell to toll
Peace to the passing soul.
The spirit to the Lord of life is fled,
Reposing on th' atonement of its God.
Yield what our nature claims, earth's covering bed,
Where dust with dust may rest beneath the sod.
Hallow in Death's abode the sabbath of the dead!—

Th' enormous Coliseum's bulk behold:—
Like some lone promontory's storm-rent brow,
That spreads its shadow o'er the deep below,
And back repels the waves in tempests roll'd:
A lonely island in the sea of time;
On whose deep-rooted base
Ages on ages in their ceaseless race
Strike, and break off, and pass in idle foam,
Forgotten: thus, amid the wrecks of Rome,
The Coliseum lifts its brow sublime:
And, looking down on all that moves below,
O'er all the restless range,
Where war and violence have work'd their change,

Tow'rs motionless, and wide around it throws
The shadow of its strength,—its own sublime repose.

Amid the deep arcades, and winding cells,
Eternal silence dwells:
Save when tempestuous whirlwinds, as they sweep
Thro' chasms yawning wide, huge fragments throw
From the rock crest, as from a mountain brow:
Or, mingling with the murmur of the air,
O'er altars, where of yore a shaft of fire
Rose from the martyr's pyre,
The solitary pilgrim breathes a pray'r;
Or grey-stol'd brethren, at the stated time,
In slow procession float, and chant the deep-ton'd rhyme.

Not deeper felt that silence, that suspense
Of being, that here lay on all around,
When agony of pleasure chain'd each sense,
In willing horror bound;
While swarm o'er swarm the gather'd nation hung:
And where round circles widening circles spread,
And arch out-soaring arch
Bath'd in the sun-beams its ambitious head,
Watch'd, as the dying gladiator leant
On his sustaining arm, and o'er the wound,

Whence the large life-drops struggled, lowly bent,
And calmly look'd on earth,
As one who gradual sinks in still repose,
His eye in death to close
On the familiar spot that view'd his blissful birth.

Unlike the actor on a theatre,
Who feigns the wound unfelt, that Roman dy'd:
He too an actor: and when death drew nigh,
By Rome's tremendous silence glorify'd,
Firmly sustain'd his part.
No sound, no gesture, e'er to ear or eye
Betray'd the sufferance of the pang severe,
The hand that grasp'd his heart,
Save the low pant that mark'd his lessening breath,
And one last deep-drawn groan—the agony of death.
Shout, then, and bursting rapture, and the roar
Of myriads—then commingling life-streams ran,
And Rome inebriate drank the blood of man,
And swell'd the human hecatomb with gore
Of birds, and beasts, and monsters of the main;
While death pil'd up the pyre—the slayers on the slain.

All, all are swept away,
Who made the world a gazing theatre,

Th' arena, thundering to their war career.
But thou, enduring monument!
Tho' thy Cyclopean stones in Rome's dark hour
Built up her fort and tow'r;
And palaces, whose gloomy grandeur vast,
O'er her proud temples darkness cast:
Tho' all-destructive Time
Has bow'd thy crest sublime,
And storms, that crush'd the rocks, thy glory rent:
Tho' the unsparing earthquake, in its ire
That shook the pillars of the globe below,
Has rock'd thee to and fro,
Shattering thy mountain base:
Yet, thou, amid the wrecks of human pride,
Hast heav'n and earth defy'd—
The flame-wing'd bolt, and war's insatiate sword:
And view'd around thee perish, race on race,
The Goth, the Hun, the Norman, horde on horde,
Vanish without a trace;
All, all who envy'd Rome in flame
The echo of her name:
While ages roll'd on ages, circling by,
Grav'd on thy forehead, "Rome's eternity."

It rests not on thy brow.
Tho' glorying in thy strength, at sight of thee,

Rome, widow of the monarch-people, raise
The shadowy sceptre of her sov'reignty;
And of the wreck of wrecks regardless, gaze
Once more exultant on her sev'n-hill'd throne:
Yet thou, forgetful of thy palmy birth,
Thou, proudest trophy of triumphant war,
Shalt lie a wreck on earth;
Stone after stone, the mountain shall descend;
And a vile weed, in dust and darkness sown,
A weed beneath thy base the structure rend,
And reckless of a Coliseum's fall,
O'er the recumbent rock spread its sepulchral pall.

There, in the after time,
When Nature o'er the mouldering wrecks beneath,
Spreads the wild wood, and hangs her fragrant wreath
On bush and bow'r, the mountain pine sublime
The fury of the tempest shall withstand,
Th' umbrageous chestnut her bright pomp expand,
And when the forest mourns its glory gone,
Th' undying oak's dark leaf wave in the wind alone.
And haply on that grave, where Death of yore
In unveil'd horror stood,
And Rome re-echo'd the infuriate roar
Of myriads, as her nation, drunk with blood,

To the stern Furies their libation made,
Far other shout shall ring from Pleasure's festive
bow'r.
There in the jocund season's reeling hour,
When the vines lend to earth a purple shade,
Gleam o'er the Appian Way, and bloom
On Scipio's violated tomb,
The hamlets round, exultant at the call,
The nectar of their feasts shall bear away,
Making th' autumnal moon perpetual holiday.

Hark! hear you not the festive shout?
Shouts as of conquerors gathering up the spoil
Bring in the gladsome toil.
I see the ivy-wreath'd, the revel rout:
Earth widely reels around,
Rent heaven yields back the sound:
The roar that swells the choral song, recalls
The orgies of the god—Evoe's festivals.

Such was the shout that rous'd the Menades:
So from their brow was seen to fall
Flow'rs that wreath'd their coronal.
Thus the profusion of their streaming hair
Tangled its glossy darkness on the breeze:
So flash'd their timbrels trembling on the air,

While, with swoln clusters crown'd,
They wav'd the thyrsus round:
And one, far lovelier than the rest,
The dappled fawn-skin floating round her breast,
Tim'd to the cymbals' clash her step and song,
And led the panther car
That bore in youth's bright bloom the God of Joy
along.

ROME.

CANTO THE THIRD.

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CANTO THE THIRD.

THOU, at whose birth
Descendent Genius came on viewless wing,
And passing o'er the race that people earth,
Deign'd the high gift, for glorious use design'd,
The incommunicable talent bring:
And on thee laid from that primeval hour,
As one ordain'd to elevate mankind,
Charge and entrusted pow'r,
By energy of spirit, and the charm
Of cultur'd taste refin'd,
To steal the wand from Circe's lifted arm,
And from youth's tempted lip to turn aside
Th' enchanter's cup:—if thine th' exalted aim,
Following thy native guide,
In breathing marble, or harmonious hues,
Thy spirit to infuse:
And build th' immortal name
On Bonarotti's, or a Raffaelle's fame;

Making each after age, and human kind,
Heirs of thy views sublime:
Forsake the limits of thy native clime,
The sabbath of thy home.
Go, where a voice, that haunts the desert, calls
The stranger from gay realms, and regions fair,
O'er many a frozen Alp, and Appennine,
To commune, on the mountains bleak and bare,
With spirits, 'mid a waste that once was Rome,—
On dust of Cæsars. Seek yon roofless hall,
Where, reckless of a world, Augustus hung
O'er Maro's harp. Wander the woods among,
Where yet Blandusia to the solar beam
Flings her translucent stream:
Or, under shadow of th' o'erhanging cave,
Where Anio's icy wave
Pours on the rock her foamy water-fall,
'Mid Tivoli's green glades the bard's lone haunts
recall.

Idolater of Nature! watch the sun
On Aventine's lone summit: watch his rise
In brightness, and the brightness of his beam,
That, purpling day's last gleam,
Gives all his glory to th' Italian skies.
Adore the goddess on her central shrine:

Ascend the brow of Palatine:
That mount, her altar, that blue heav'n, her dome,
Her haunt, deserted Rome;
On whose wide wreck triumphant Time,
In scorn of Cæsar's passing hour,
Has grav'd with arm of mightier pow'r
Grandeur more sublime;
And o'er his realm of ruin spread
Awe that surrounds the tomb—the silence of the dead.

Pursue her foot-step on that hallow'd ground,
Where when grey Morn first glimmer'd, or the hue
Of sober-vested Eve embrown'd the view,
Nature her Poussin found,
'Mid mounds on mounds confus'dly hurl'd,
Like fragments of a shatter'd world,
Palace on palace rais'd and rent,
Temple, and tow'r, and battlement;
These, strown on earth, those masses bare
That by their weight self-pois'd in air,
Like clouds in ponderous columns riv'n,
Lean on the firmament of heav'n—
He view'd the pines, that crest yon height,
Cut with green edge the dome of light;
He view'd yon ilex broadly throw

Darkness over earth below.
Before him, lone Soracte's steep
Rose like an island from the deep;
Beneath him, stretch'd in proud display,
The thousand-templed city lay,
And 'mid blue heav'n the soaring dome
Spread its sublimity o'er Rome.

When, in masses broad and bold,
Sun-light and shade strong contrast hold,
And robe the giant wrecks, and cast
Their wizardry o'er ages past:
And when the moon at day-light fall
Wander's along Aurelian's wall,
And, glancing, slides from tow'r to tow'r,
Half hid beneath the ivy'd bow'r:
From that bright sun, that moon, that shade,
And tints by Time's chaste pencil laid,
Silvery colours, mellowing slow
On all that suffers change below,
From the grey wreck, and mouldering stone
Gather—the softest—richest tone,
And blend beneath Rome's lucid sky
Thy hues to visual harmony.—

Go, where the palace, and the painted dome
Await thy coming—oft and oft explore,

In brilliancy of richest hues array'd,
All that Caracci's cultured art display'd
On roofs that flame with gold—and o'er and o'er
Trace what th' enchanter's pencil subtly laid
On Farnesina's love-illumin'd wall:
Each charm that every Grace to Raffaelle gave
The senses to enthrall:
Where a sea-goddess beaming on the sight,
His Galatea glides along the wave,
Radiant in bloom of youth, and Beauty's living light—

Gaze on Guercino's roof,
Where day and darkness mix the woof,
And the slow hours in lingering flight,
Steal here and there a star from night.
But round thee wind a lovelier spell,
Where Guido and the Graces dwell.

Nymphs of the dawn! before whose way
Bright Hesper, harbinger of day,
Speeds, where on wing Aurora show'rs
O'er air and earth her freshest flow'rs;
Your course is on the clouds that rise
On roseate wings, and robe the skies,
And on their billowy floatings bear
Your buoyant feet through viewless air.

Around the sun you weave your dance,
And, onward, hand in hand, advance
In fleetest measures that outrace
His courser's fiery-footed pace:
While one, more beauteous than the rest,
Half-veil'd in Twilight's shadowy vest,
Leans back, reluctant to display
Her blushes to the God of day.

Go, where celestial visions weave
The bliss that dying saints conceive.
Art thou yet link'd to earth, thou, Heir of Age,*
Worn out with life's long pilgrimage?
Thy limbs sink underneath their burden, Death
Has o'er thee stretch'd his shadow: voice, nor breath—
One moment more—pass thy pale lip again.—
Yet—in the gaze of that uplifted eye
The vital spark bright beams. Intense desire
Concentres there a fire,
That gathers from the inmost soul a light.
It is the Spirit sees the mystery:
The crucify'd, the Saviour's form divine,
Hallowing thy earthly shrine,

* St. Jerom of Domenichino.

Beams visible before thy tranced eye.
Mortal! thy lip, ere death, tastes immortality—

Far higher yet,
And with a holier feeling deeply fraught,
Beneath the dome where daring Angelo
His vast conception wrought,
And grav'd on the colossal pile below
The grandeur of his soul,
And call'd on Time, age after age, to grace
And harmonize the whole:
Within the sanctuary, at the hallow'd shrine
Where Art is sacred, and the imag'd stone
A worshipp'd form divine;
Where, emulous of Raffaelle, marbles glow
With hues like linked harmonies,
And the mosaic's fairy-paved dies,
In colours challenging eternity,
Start from the massive pillars, and illume
The aisles slow-lengthening into sacred gloom:
Where all the air is incense: where each sound
A voice of hymned melody,
And pour'd throughout the Temple's space profound,
The spirit feels a present Deity,
Enthusiast! there sublime thy soul
Freed from the visual world, and earth's unfelt controul.

Away, where Genius calls,
Lone dweller in the Sistine's hallow'd walls:
There meditate the mortal's bold design:
There trace the mind divine
That, with creative pow'r endu'd
His pencil, as its lightning speed pursu'd
The quick conception of each winged thought:
As if the Spirit had the vision wrought
Upon the humid clay,
Colouring the fleeting shade ere yet it fled away.

Vast is the scene, and various: it unfolds
All Nature—her first rise—her final doom:
Time that once was, the form of years to come,
Earth and her generations:—it upholds
On tablatures, whose glowing colours fall
Like prophet visions on the pictur'd wall,
The empires, and their changes,—all foretold
By lips that spake of old,
Sibyl and Seer, whose forms yon roof illume.
It dares embody in its sweep sublime
Invisible imaginings, when Time
Fledg'd his new wing: it dares draw forth the hour
When, from his rest, the Infinite in pow'r
With outstretch'd arms, that part the elements,
Came floating down, and silencing the storm,

From darkness and confus'd chaotic strife
Call'd out the sun, the moon, and things unborn,
As tho' they were, and gave the formless, form,
And to the lifeless, life.—

It dares, in one tremendous view, pourtray
The realms of heav'n and hell,
And on the vision of the Eternal dwell:
Sublimely picturing to our earthly eye
The awful doom of that predicted day,
When, at th' Archangel's voice, the trumpet's sound,
God's wonder work shall pass in flame away,
And Time subside into Eternity.
The heav'n of heav'ns unfolds! the Seraphim
Veil their prone brows, and kneel with folded wing
Omnipotence encompassing!
No golden harp rings out the glory hymn.
Hark! the last trumpet peals the final sound:
All nature hears the dreadful summoning.
Lo! Death, uprising from the deep profound,
Gives back his prey: and the wide grave of earth,
The dust from whence we rose, wherein we lay,
Reanimate with birth,
Teems, as its wrecks the form of flesh resume,
To meet the Maker on his judgment throne;
Where God, in light, alone,

In unapproachable light, th' eternal God,
Severing the sons of man, dooms each his last abode.

Thus, by the Sistine walls encompass'd round,
Lone, on forbidden ground,
The mighty master wrought his boundless plan:
Bequeathing earth the image of his mind,
The noblest heritage man ere to man,
Genius to Art consign'd.
There—while 'twas giv'n th' insatiate eye to trace
Its bright, original grace,
Ere yet the shadow of invidious Time
Had pal'd its glowing hue,
And dim'd the grandeur of the forms sublime:
When first Bramante's arm the veil withdrew,
There youthful Raffaelle, kindling at the sight,
Drank the creative beam that filled his soul with light.

Forms, then, sublimer far than ever earth
Her dust to mould our frail existence gave;
Forms, that n'er left a transitory birth
To moulder in the grave:
But such as nigh th' eternal throne
Live, and move in light alone;
Such as around Ezekiel glow'd,
And imag'd rapt Isaiah's ode,

On Raffaelle's vision deign'd to gleam,
And mingled with his earthly dream—
And when his spirit pass'd from earth away,
To hallowing wonder turn'd a nation's tear:
As Rome, in veneration o'er his bier
The tablet hung, that to the adoring eye
Shone like a vision of eternal day.
Death on the mortal lay:
But o'er his brow beam'd immortality:
Bright beam'd from Tabor, that divinely blaz'd,
While the Apostles, tranc'd with holiest fear,
Beheld, in glory of the Godhead rais'd
Above our earthly sphere,
O'ershadowing with light the noon-day sky,
Soar the transfigur'd form, sun'd with divinity.—

I leave awhile unsought
Each statue breathing of the olden time:
Wrecks of the wonderous works that Phidias
wrought,
By Homer's song inspir'd.—
Here, Sculpture, in his own Italian clime,
By Ariosto charm'd, or Dante fir'd,
Fashions the shapeless marble, and beholds
Beneath him, at his touch creative, start
Life from the rock, and forms unrivall'd found

At each far limit of contrasted art:
Now, stern, sublime, by awful terror crown'd,
A Pallas issuing from the brow of Jove:
Now, grac'd with all the Cestus could impart:
A Venus in omnipotence of love.

Long ages roll'd their course those bounds between
Slow, at its rise, ere Leo's golden time,
When first by Arno's gifted natives seen
Art faintly dawn'd, in youth's impatient prime
Bold Angelo, amid the quarry's gloom,
Rude Nature's shapeless womb,
Struck the rock mass.—Forth from th' impassion'd stroke,
Like giants starting from repose, awoke
Grandeur and Strength.—The rock, in after hour,
Tam'd into softness by Canova's art,
Stole from his touch, his soul, th' enticing pow'r
That woos, and wins the heart.
Sculptor of Beauty! on thy grave
Death broke the mould the Graces gave;
Death has relax'd th' unweary'd arm,
That, bright'ning Nature's brightest charm,
Repos'd not till its touch could trace
The glidings of embellish'd grace
Along the polish'd marble seen to move:

Now Hebe's bosom moulds, or subtly bends
A Nymph's light foot, whose dance on air ascends,
Or smiles on Psyche's lip, warm'd by the breath of
Love.

'Tis not the skill, though exquisite, nor all
That Grace e'er gave, or Beauty can impart,
Tho' Grace and Beauty the charm'd sense enthrall:
It is not these that to the sculptor's art
Fetter th' impassion'd soul: 'tis then, alone,
When Sympathy, whose touch subdues the heart,
Draws forth the tear, that to ourselves unknown
Glides, as we stilly bend, like statues, o'er the stone.—

'Twas thus with me, when stole upon my view
Thy image, Maid divine![*]
Laid on the tomb beneath thy votive shrine.
As one, whose rest was slumber, thou did'st seem:
And so the chisel had that slumber wrought,
That when I lowly o'er thee hung, methought
My breath would have dissolv'd thy living dream:
Yet 'twas not sleep, but Death had there imprest
Sleep's soft similitude, that quiet rest
Which seals the eye-lid of an infant, laid

[*] St. Cecilia.

On the maternal breast.
Yet thine no painless, thine no natural death:
I saw upon thy marble neck display'd
The severance of the blade,
The wound that immaturely clos'd thy breath.
Thus, in an after age, thy form was found
Within the tomb—'tis said—
Fresh, fragrant, undecay'd.
Thus wert thou seen: so wav'd thy parted hair
In many a graceful braid:
Thus, to the sword's descending edge resign'd,
That beauteous neck, more smooth, more pure, more fair
Than monumental marble, low inclin'd.
And thou did'st turn from sight,
When pass'd thy spirit to the realm of light;
So as I view'd thy statue where it lay,
And turn'd from sight away,
As if the image that thy form display'd
Thy secret thought had known,
And there thy last—thy only fear betray'd:
That, ere entomb'd, some daring eye unblest
Should on thy earthly charms too rashly rest,
And draw from heav'nly bliss thy spirit down.
'Twas thus I saw thy character imprest,
Thy soul, celestial Maid! so sculptur'd on that stone.

Why bends the pilgrim in religious gloom
Before yon form colossal?—There, behold
The man of God, the prophet, deeply fraught,
Bold Angelo! with thy sublimest thought
Sculptur'd on Julius' tomb.

Thrice-guerdon'd Angelo!
Thy arm, that grac'd the Sistine, upward bore
Agrippa's dome, and, pois'd in ether, hung:
And Sculpture, who beheld thee brooding o'er
The Torso's giant mould,
Bad thee, alone, thee sole, the chisel hold,
Whose stroke, like lightning flame,
Shiver'd the rock, when from the marble came
Th' Avenger. But—why burst yon flakes of fire
Forth from his front? Why more than mortal ire
Deepens his furrow'd brow?
Thus Moses erst to Israel's host appear'd;
Thus wav'd in thick voluminous fold
The dark profusion of his unshorn beard,
Like wreaths of storm-toss'd flames around him roll'd:
When down the reeling mount th' Avenger trod,
And rent in wrath the veil, which dim'd the glow
That round him blaz'd: what time the living God,

Mov'd by his servant's pray'r, on Sinai's stand
Descendent, deign'd before his mortal eye
In mercy spread the shadow of his hand,
While pass'd his Glory by.—

Go, and insatiate, o'er and o'er,
Th' exhaustless Vatican explore.
Thro' labyrinthine courts pursue,
Thro' galleries length'ning on the view,
Hall after hall, dome after dome,
Treasuries of Ægypt, Greece, and Rome,
Where, all above, around, beneath,
The marble generations breathe,
And plunder'd tombs their wrecks supply,
To line the walls with imag'ry;
And golden roofs their radiance throw
O'er rich mosaics spread below;
And fountains in perpetual play
Temper with sparkling show'rs the day.
There, oft retrace, when Night has laid
O'er all her solitude of shade,
The forms that live along the walls,
When one lone torch illumes the halls,
Impregnate with Promethean light;
Lo! bolder beauties rise on sight,

And subtler graces outward steal,
Than suns with all their beams reveal.

What giant of the elder time
Tow'rs from the Torso's wreck sublime?
Beneath the flames that broadly fell
In masses on the muscle's swell,
Methought that form colossal told
The wonders sung by bards of old.
Such was the column, that of yore,
When Atlas paus'd, the world upbore.
What tho', at close of mortal toil,
The victor of th' Hesperian spoil,
Look peaceful on a peaceful earth,
And claim of Jove to crown his birth:
Yet still those muscles, in their play,
Those sinews yet their strengh betray.
Thus, when the storm has ceas'd to rave,
O'er ocean heaves that swell of wave,
Whose rollings in each rise and fall
The force that shook the globe recall.

Lo! as beneath that light,
Which, 'mid the depth of night,
Stream'd from the lamp in Psyche's lifted arm,

When softly-bending low
O'er Love's illumin'd brow
The dazzled bride imbib'd his heav'nly charm,
So bursts the Apollo radiant on the sight.

Lift up the torch—A God I trace.
God of sublimity and grace,
Ne'er yet to man the pow'r was giv'n
To breathe in rocks the soul of heav'n.
By Hermes shap'd, his hand divine
That statue plac'd on Delos' shrine.
He mark'd thy mien, when onward roll'd
The Pythian dragon's scaly fold;
He mark'd thee, as thy arrow flew,
With brow uprais'd its death pursue,
When from thy front the parted hair
Stream'd floating on the void of air:
Then caught thy smile in proud disdain
Of conquest on an earthly plain:
And as thy step sublimely trod,
And, rob'd in glory, rose the God,
Embody'd to our mortal eye
The form of Immortality.

Son of Latona! Time has rudely hurl'd
From its rock-base beneath the double mount

That feeds Castalia's fount,
Thy dome, that o'er the centre of the world
Arose, the common refuge of mankind.
Thy image, in its sanctuary enshrin'd,
No more yields response to the nations: earth
No longer hymns thy birth,
Nor the fam'd isle that wander'd with the wave.
The gifts that empires gave,
The golden statues that, by monarchs plac'd,
Thy sacred precincts grac'd,
Are turn'd to dust:—the eagle on career,
From steep Parnassus' ice-encrusted height,
Rests on thy wreck his flight:
The wild swan from the Delian flood,
Smooth-balancing in air his silver wings,
Their shadow o'er it flings,
Nor dreads thy votary's shaft that sought his blood:*
The Pythoness and Oracle are gone:
The god-head in thy image dwells alone.

Son of Latona!
Tho' incense here before thee ne'er has glow'd,
Nor struggling victim bled,
Fragrance more sweet than Araby ere fed

* Vide the Ion of Euripides.

Has round thy altar flow'd,
Breath'd from the lip of Love. A girl more fair
Than Cynthia, silvering night's summer air,
Glanc'd on thy sculptur'd form—she thrill'd—she knelt—
Her breast love's lightning felt,
Barb'd by the agony of deep despair.
Youth's waning light, and Beauty's fading bloom
Hope never can relume.
She loves: but chaster not the cloister'd nun
That will not view the sun:
But not more fond, not faithful more thy flow'r,
That tells its passion to the passing hour.
Thus the pale votaress to earth's pleaded suit,
Inanimate and mute,
Gaz'd on the God with unaverted eye,
That bright and brighter kindling with desire,
Sought not the aid of expiating fire
To consummate its gift—a virgin heart.
She saw thee in thy brightness, God of Day!
Beam on her, as her sense dissolved away,
Now—now—from life to part—
The victim melting on thy altar lay;
Her love's first glow, her love's last gleaming, thine:
Her death—an exhalation in thy shrine.

Here cease awhile, my lyre!—but not with thee
The visions cease, that, like the zephyr's wing
Which wakes the Æolian string,
Gave to thy chord the voice of melody!
Still float around my haunts! and o'er and o'er
In day-dreams, or when spirits of the night
Hang their illusions on the sealed sight,
To Fancy's charmed eye the scenes restore:
Scenes, that my pilgrim step shall ne'er revisit more.

Insensibly, the noiseless foot of Time
Has stol'n upon my path; and o'er my brow,
Age with soft hand has shed its silver snow.
Ere long, my staff will fail, my pilgrimage
Will cease for ever.—Yet, life's waning day
Will pass in peace away,
So heav'n consent, that in these tranquil bow'rs*
That charm'd my boyhood hours,
And to my silent woe in after years
Their soothing shelter lent,
Should cease my earth career!—So heav'n consent
That, ere the unseen hand my eyelid close,
My farewell blessing, here, on those I love, repose!—

Yet—yet once more!—It will not be controll'd.

* Lodge—Epping Forest.

Have I not seen the signal—trac'd the woe,
That in the vision, in the dream of old
Prefigur'd Rome's o'erthrow?—

Rome! thou art doom'd to perish, and thy days,
Like mortal man's, are numbered: number'd all,
Ere each fleet hour decays.
Tho' Pride yet haunt thy palaces, tho' Art
Thy sculptur'd marbles animate:
Tho' thousands, and ten thousands throng thy gate;
Tho' kings and kingdoms with thy idol mart
Yet traffic, and thy throned Priest adore:
Thy second reign shall pass—pass like thy reign of yore.—

Hast thou forgot, when, girt with thunder, came
The Hun, the Exterminator, call'd of God,
And thron'd in pow'r, the sword and flame between,
On thy bow'd neck, thine, Monarch-People! trod,
And shouted unto earth that Rome "had been?"
Hast thou forgot how the unsparing axe
Flash'd, and the hewers, as thy glory lay
On earth, the shatter'd branches lop'd away,
Bough after bough? So fell thy strength of yore:
Thus thou again shalt fall:—thus fall—and rise no more.

I see the sign foretold.—Ye, too, come forth;
Ye, who, 'mid Rome, an interdicted horde,
Steal out, when Morn unbars your guarded gate,
Beneath the uplifted sword:
And whom, late Eve with watchful eye beholds
Returning to a house, but not a home,
Like beasts in crowded folds.
Lone dwellers in the melancholy place,
Where ye are doomed your wretchedness to hide:
Come from the haunts where Tyber's wondering tide
Views the throng'd Ghetto multiply the race
That under wrath abide:
While they who, on the sun-lit heights above,
By crystal fountains wont with health to rest,
And tune the lute to love,
Chas'd by the tainted wing that bears the pest
Fly the paternal roof, and golden grove,
And halls where Painting speaks, and breathing
marbles move.

Hebrew! come forth!
Miraculous and mystic link between
The Gospel and the Law!
Thou! that confirm'st the signs thy fathers saw
Of old, the marvels wrought on Ægypt's coast,
When, to their foot, on passage, upward stood

The wall of waters, and o'er Pharaoh's host
Clos'd the returning flood:
Thou, wanderer without home, wherever driv'n,
That bear'st upon thy forehead, broadly seen,
The seal and sentence of avenging heav'n:
The expiation of that day of dread
And darkness, when the veil was rent in twain,
Earth stagger'd, and the graves let loose their dead,
When by th' eternal Godhead glorify'd,
In bitterness of grief, and shame, and pain,
Christ bow'd the head, and dy'd.

Thou, living wonder of Jehovah's word!
Thou, that without or priest, or sacrifice,
Ephod, or temple, lone 'mid human kind,
Cleavest to thy statutes with unswerving mind,
As tho', enthron'd upon his mercy-seat,
The spreading of the cherubims between,
Jehovah yet were seen!
Hebrew! come forth! dread not the light of day:
Dread not th' insulter's cry.
The arch that rose o'er thy captivity*
No more shall turn thee from thy destin'd way.

* The arch of Titus.

The marble moulders, and the trophies fall,
That Salem's sculptur'd spoils and captive Ark
recall.

That arch was bas'd in strength: and they, who
rais'd
The pile, and on each stone a trophy grav'd;
And Rome, that on the sculptur'd triumph gaz'd;
Deem'd, that the fabric would have tow'r'd sublime
O'er generations yet unborn, and brav'd
The beating of the iron wings of Time.
They deem'd that there the stranger would have
trac'd
The last memorial of th' infuriate brood,
Who Rome, in her omnipotence, withstood,
And perish'd.—Lo! her trophies, day by day,
Moulder, and pass away.
But they, the race despis'd, the race abhorr'd,
The scatter'd remnant of Rome's merciless sword,
From north to south, from east to west, o'er earth,
Beneath the shadow of Jehovah's word,
Tell out from realm to realm the wonders of their
birth.

It comes—th' appointed hour.
Hebrew! beneath the arch of Titus, pause!

And in the closing scene of Rome's last pow'r
Thy Prophet's roll unfold.
Then view on that eventful theatre,
Where slow-born ages swept like shadows by,
Time, loftier tow'ring as the woe draws nigh,
'Mid the gigantic wrecks that round him low'r,
From the symbolic image seen of old
Casts back the mantle of obscurity;
And beck'ning on the vengeance of the Lord,
Points out the sign foretold:
" Lo! round Rome's iron feet the dust and ashes
" roll'd."—

So take thou up the harp, that whilom hung
Mute on the willows, as the wave flow'd on
That drank thy tear at Babylon:
And from their graves the shadowy kings recall,
That mock'd the Golden City's fall:
And strain the loudest chords to exultation strung.

Lift up thy voice!—The Day-spring from on high
Warns that the hour draws nigh:
The far seas, and the multitude of isles,
All in their tongues have heard,
Each lisps the living word.
Hebrew! on thee Redemption's angel smiles.

The stone cut out without a hand
Now spreads its shade o'er earth, and shall to heav'n
expand.

Tell the dispers'd, kings with their fleets shall
come
To bear the wanderers home,
Their queens shall fold thy nurselings on their breast:
A light o'er earth shall flow
From Sion's hallow'd brow,
And there the Lord, thy God, enthron'd in glory
rest!

Then, ask of Rome,—Where now the realms whose
sway
Bad earth their voice obey?
The gold—the silver—and the brazen?—gone—
The mountain falls on Babylon.
Where art thou, Rome! thy second empire o'er?
Gone! like the chaff from out the summer-threshing
floor.—

TIVOLI.

The solstice glares with noon-tide heat:
Hide me in thy dark caverns, Tivoli!
Breathe on me, thou cool air! that murmur'dst by:
And ye, that burst from flints beneath my feet,
Flow, crystal springs! around my summer seat:
And with you bring that fresh, that fragrant morn,
When first I viewed the day-spring's glancing beam
The mountain brows adorn,
And mingle with the wreathings of the foam,
That from the cataract's sunless stream
Flash'd up in rainbows round the Sibyl's dome.

Fam'd Tivoli! whoe'er in summer hour
Has glanc'd on thy green bow'r,
Or view'd thy Sibyl's temple, rob'd with light,
Tow'r on the rocky height:
Or under covert of the o'er-arching cave,
In subterraneous night,

Heard the hoarse gush and whirling of thy wave:
Or trac'd along thy flow'r-enamell'd mead
The maze, where Anio's crystal rivulet
Its current loves to lead,
Ne'er will his dream thy solitude forget:
Still his charm'd foot will on thy glade be found,
And sweet in Fancy's ear thy water-fall resound!—

Haunt I not yet that rocky crest,
Whence many a silver cascatelle
In tuneful murmurs fell?
That rocky crest, where oft Lorraine was found
Amid thy sun-light glades,
And dark-embow'ring shades,
Lone communing with Nature.—On that mound,
Where the hoar walls, that rear'd Mæcena's roof,
Tow'r on the cliff aloof,
Oft her rapt votary stood, encompass'd round
With woods, and flow of streams, and interchange
Of glade, and glen, and hill, and bolder range
Of mountains, where their distant boundaries spread
Unbroke, or tow'r'd apart some single head,
Albano, or Soracte.—On that brow
Oft, as a votary of the sun, on watch
To hallow its uprise, at break of day,

He, on the far horizon would survey,
O'er the gray aqueducts that stretch below,
The outline of a city underneath
Soft haze, that, ere the wind was heard to breathe,
Spread wide its lucid veil:—that city—Rome:
Rome waiting but the beam, to cast away
Its shroud, and, tow'ring into splendour, show
Earth its metropolis, and give her dome
To glory.—Far and wide as eye could roam,
A champain on the other side outspread
Th' extent, where earth in green fertility
Seem'd like a verdant sea:
Its boundary was a wilderness of wood
Dark'ning the sea-line:—and, beyond it, flow'd
A world that brightly glow'd,
Main ocean, on whose azure heav'n repos'd,
And the broad orb of light his course in glory clos'd.

'Twas there the votary of Nature went;
And from the shapings of his fancy, gave
To tow'r, or palace, or hoar monument,
The silver cascatelle, or sun-gilt wave,
Some height'ning touch, some new embellishment,
Such as th' enchanted spirit might adore,
And lovelier make the scene that loveliest seem'd
before.

Rose from a wooded hill a dark-brow'd rock,
Whence gushing waters play'd?
There would his pencil place a shepherd swain,
A boy, beneath a grotto laid,
Who, all forgetful of his straggling flock,
Pip'd to a girl that danc'd in sun-shine on the glade.

Tow'r'd a bright palace in its pride?
In sparkling ripples at its feet
His blue-rob'd sea was seen to beat,
Where, on the fullness of the tide,
Impatient for its guests, a burnish'd bark
The swelling sail display'd,
That on the mansion's marble side
Its form in shadow laid,
While the bright sea-god on its prow
Burnt in the pictur'd wave below.—

In ruins fell Diana's shrine?
There tir'd, at eve, with sleep o'erpow'r'd,
Endymion lay embow'r'd,
His dog upon the boar-spear slumb'ring nigh:
None earth-born dar'd pass by;
But Cynthia came descendent from above,
Wooing a mortal's love;

While the pale light that from her crescent shone,
Fell on his brow alone.

Thus stood the master of each element:
Whether he drew the azure from the sky
When not a spot stain'd its transparency:
Or from Morn's roseate vest the sun-beam stole,
When from the eastern goal
A line of gold that on the ocean lay,
Levell'd the tremulous radiance that illum'd
The gates that close the day:
Or stay'd the Sun's vast orb, half-wheel'd in night,
Painting the champain's purple light:
Whether the Seasons in their fleet career
View'd his bright tints out-rivalling the bloom
That freshens the young year,
Or mellowing the colours that illume
The woods, when Autumn with her richest die
Deepens their changeful livery,
Till the last leaf falls withering.—Such, Lorraine!
Thy mastery, melting down thy blended hues,
Making all Nature, in her wide domain,
A charm to soothe the spirit to repose,
Like melodies that hang on Vesper's hymned close.

TERNI.

WHERE stood Salvator, when with all his storms
Around him Winter rav'd,
When Being, none save man, the tempest brav'd?
When on her mountain crest
The eagle sank to rest,
Nor dar'd spread out her pennons to the blast:
Nor, till the whirlwind passed,
The famish'd wolf around the sheep-cote prowl'd?
Where stood Salvator, when the forest howl'd,
And the rock-rooted pine in all its length
Crash'd, prostrating its strength?

Where stood Salvator, when the summer cloud
At noon-day, to Ausonia direr far
Than winter, and its elemental war,
Gather'd the tempest, from whose ebon shroud,
That cross'd like night a sky of crimson flame,
Stream'd ceaselessly the fire-bolts forked aim:

While hurricanes, whose wings were frore with hail,
Cut sheer the vines, and o'er the harvest vale
Spread barrenness? Where was Salvator found,
When all the air a bursting sea became,
Deluging earth?—On Terni's cliff he stood,
The tempest sweeping round.
I see him where the Spirit of the storm
His daring votary led:
Firm stands his foot on the rock's topmost head,
That reels above the rushing and the roar
Of deep Vellino.—In the glen below,
Again I view him on the reeling shore,
Where the prone river, after length of course,
Collecting all its force,
An avalanche cataract, whirl'd in thunder o'er
The promontory's height,
Bursts on the rock: while round the mountain brow,
Half, half the flood rebounding in its might,
Spreads wide a sea of foam evanishing in light.

THE

EMISSARIO OF ALBANO.

YET once again, Albano! once again
Lead me, delighted, to thy still recess,
Rocks, and bold heights, and woodland wilderness,
And the rich verdure of thy velvet lawn,
Now margining the water with fresh flow'rs,
Now gradually withdrawn
To pastur'd meads with soft acclivities,
Along whose gentle rise
The untir'd step winds on thro' myrtle bow'rs;
Or where the cypress spires, or o'er the glade
The chestnut broadly spreads its pomp of flow'ry
braid.

Yet—once again,
On the clear tablet of thy liquid plain,
As on a beauteous picture by the hand
Of Nature brightly touch'd, the scenes expand,

That with the roseate glow
Of day-spring, or when golden suns descend,
Their melting hues along thy water blend.
Bring down the castle from Gandolfo's brow,
To mingle with the wave of woods below,
And wreck of grottos wantonly o'erlaid
With ivy trail, and shrines with weeds o'ergrown,
Where wild flow'rs, on the green-sod altar strown,
Pan's bounteous gifts repaid:
And caverns, where the Nymphs once held resort,
Or stealing forth from the embowering shade,
When ceased the shepherd's reed, made with the moonbeam sport.

But—nor the castle on Gandolfo's brow,
Nor woods that wave below,
Nor caverns of the Nymphs, nor hues that blend
With day-spring, or when golden suns descend,
Nor Peace, that loves to rest
On thy still lake her halcyon breast,
Now lure, Albano, to thy favourite haunt
My willing foot revisitant.

Fling wide yon gates, and to my sight expose
The flood thy rocks enclose:

Fling wide thy gates, and pour again the gleam
Of day-light, till it dies along the stream,
In gradual darkness lost.
Give me again to hear
The sound most musical to Summer's ear,
The gushing of the waters as they flow'd
Along their rocky road:
And bid again that image tow'r
Which met me, when with heat o'erdone
I lay, and brav'd the searching sun:
Where at the cave's broad entrance stood,
In single majesty, alone,
With deep roots sepulchred in stone,
The ilex, guardian of the flood,
And with gigantic arms outspread
At day's bright noon cool midnight shed.
That image to my sight restore:
And let me hear that voice once more,
Which, echoing thro' the haunted cave,
Spake to the mountain and the wave—

" I bade thy rock divide:
" Thro' the dry flint I pour'd th' exuberant tide.
" So hast thou flow'd while ages linger'd by:
" Flow thus to dark futurity!"—

That form, that voice was Rome:—Rome, in the hour,
Ere from her helm the eagle yet had hurl'd
The bolt that shook the world:
Rome, cradled infant of herculean pow'r.

Was it at bidding of the oracle
That Veii fell?
Rome! bid Albano's flood the secret tell;
Tell why the nations bow'd their head to thee.
'Twas not thy shield, thy javelin, and thy sword,
Thy legion, that now op'd its ranks, now clos'd,
As hostile swarms oppos'd:
The sceptre of thy sov'reignty
Was the insurmountable mind,
That bad thee, as ordain'd to sway the rest,
As one, on whose proud forehead Fate had prest
The seal and signature of majesty;
As one, all resolute to dare its doom,
Unclasp the volume of futurity,
And, tracing in the page of Destiny
That Fame to strenuous toils had summon'd Rome,
Link life's fleet day to ages yet to come,
And Death to immortality.

ON

AN ORANGE TREE

AT ROME.

Sweet is the vernal rose
That scents the morning gale:
And sweet at day-light close
The silver lily blows,
Filling with fragrant breath the dewy vale.
They flourish, and decay:
They bloom, and, blooming, fail:
Leaf after leaf, fades, falls, and dies away.
Thy morrow, like thy day,
Beholds thee gifted with perpetual growth,
Thee, child and mother both:—
And every season sweet,
Spring, summer, autumn, not in slow advance,

Nor singly, thee, with separate offerings, greet,
But—like the Graces, that in linked dance
Join hand in hand, and wreathe their mingled feet,
With all their treasures, all at once endow'r:
The golden fruit, green leaf, and silver flow'r.

VENICE.

How beautiful art thou!
Thou, that arisest like a dream
From the blue mirror of thy liquid plain,
And lift'st aloft the radiance of thy brow
O'er Adria's azure main!
Ne'er yet by moonlight gleam,
When the lone bard delights his lay to weave,
Might lovelier vision float at summer eve:
Ne'er yet the tale of Araby,
That charms the caravan from nightly slumbers,
Feign'd at the melody of magic numbers,
A fairer city rising suddenly,
Than thine, which, slowly rear'd by human hand,
Saw in th' unstable wave its firm foundation stand.

A golden light along the Lido plays.
I see thy brilliant isles, each radiant gem
That sparkles on thy liquid diadem:
The ocean at their base his strength allays,

And not a billow breaks upon thy shore,
Nor swells upon thy breeze the Deep's tempestuous roar.

Ere yet I stole upon thy silent sea,
And saw the bold Rialto proudly throw
His arch athwart thy water heaving slow,
So vividly the painter's magic pow'r
Thy image had pourtray'd,
I knew each fane palladian, gothic tow'r,
All that St. Mark display'd,
Dome, palace, cupolas, each bold arcade:
And sable gondolas, that to and fro,
Like shadows, come and go.
I knew that bridge of sighs; that ducal roof,
Where the Doge wove the viewless woof
That o'er the brow of Pleasure clos'd,
Nor day, nor night repos'd.
All, all th' enchantment of thy scenery
At once familiar seem'd, and charm'd my sight,
Like a remember'd dream, re-picturing past delight.

Ah! Venice! ere a distant age,
That magic picture shall alone retain
The goddess sprung from Adria's main.
There, faithful to thy storied page,

When thou, and all thy race are past,
The trophies of thy pow'r shall last.
There shall the brazen coursers stand,
Yet breathing of Lysippus' hand.
There shall the triple pillars soar,
Each that a kingdom's standard bore,
When Cyprus, Negropont, and Crete,
Kiss'd the merchant-monarch's feet:
And there the column tow'r apart,
That, scornful of the merchant's mart,
With the wing'd lion crowns its brow,
Stern-gazing on the sea below:
And there the Bucentaur unfold
His banners o'er a flood of gold,
And Fancy's myriad shapes recall
The gay Venetian carnival.

What art thou, but a picture of the past,
Thy day of glory o'er,
A picture, half-evanish'd, fading fast?
Yet, would I fain, ere thou art seen no more,
Once, once again upon thy marble strand,
Recall, 'mid trophies of the years of yore,
The wonders of thy trident-scepter'd hand:
Or in delightful dream of idleness,
When Eve, slow-stealing out in mantle grey,

On her pale forehead binds one beauteous star,
Disparting Night and Day,
Float on the level of thy sea of glass:
While scarce a ripple from th' inaudible oar
Shivers the mirror as the shadows pass,
And nought is heard save gondolas soft-gliding,
And on that silent sea the vesper chimes subsiding.

Mute now the voice
That, when the fisher dragg'd his net along,
Lighten'd his labour with familiar song.
The lute forgets its fingering:—none rejoice:
No answering gondolier at close of day
Takes up Medoro's tale, or sweet Erminia's lay.

But could Medoro's lay, or that soft breeze,
Which, waking when the sun deserts the sky,
Ripples the dead lagunes, that round thee lie,
Fanning them into freshness; say, could these
Silence thy deep lament?—Why gaze around,
Ceaselessly weeping on thy shipless sea?
Thy worshippers, thy lovers, who, ere-while,
Braided thy brow with gems—none, none are found:
None from the deep beholding thy bright isle
Raise the glad shout to Venice.—Woe to thee,
The tread of whose lone foot sounds heavily,

Where erst St. Mark, as on earth's central place,
Gather'd the human race,
Making all nations one, and the wide main
The highway of the world.—Where now the throng,
The princely traffickers that round thee press'd,
Nor let thy echoes rest?
The many-languag'd, where? the Babel-sound
Of barter, whose discordant voices gave
A tongue to every wave?

Where now the monarch-merchant, war his trade,
Who, 'mid his carracks, and his argosies,
Sent fleets, that, charg'd with victory, swept the seas,
And dashing from their prow the billowy storm,
And Death's opposing form,
'Mid battle-trophies to thy shouting shore
The Athenean lion bore.

Thy wise men—the Elect—the Senate—where?
Where he, their chief, the watcher, and the watch'd,
The ruler, and the rul'd, whose silver hair,
Silver'd by time and toils of state, bow'd down
Beneath the ducal crown!
Yet—not the less, kings, and their councils, sate,
Waiting his word of fate,
While his eye mark'd the turning of the beam,

Where balanc'd nations trembled in the scale.
Where—these?—All—all alike an idle tale:
All, all, a tale that's told—the vision of a dream.

Thou, never more, at rest from glorious war,
Beneath whose standard, streaming on the gale,
The Turkish Moon turn'd pale,
Yearly in triumph on the Bucentaur
Shall cast thy ring in the betrothed sea,
And wed, and dow'r thy Bride with sov'reignty.
They, never more, thy sons, the brave, the free,
Shall company the Bridegroom on his way,
Where the consenting Deep kept holiday,
And all the isles, one floating pageantry,
Their banner'd pomp and blazonry display'd,
And Ocean seem'd on fire beneath the crimson shade.

Nay—mock me not with gorgeous palaces:
Vaunt not to me thy Titian's living light:
Far other scenes must fix a Briton's sight.
Show me the hand that rais'd thee from the seas,
Link'd isle to isle, and driving back the tide,
Strengthen'd the ocean's bed to bear thy pride.
Pour on my ear the voice that proudly said,
"Thou, Deep! here roll thy wave! be here thy billows stay'd!"

The annals of thy glorious years unfold:
Show me how Freedom walk'd with thee of old
Upon the mountain billows; how her pow'r
Gave to thy sword its edge, thy helm its course,
Thy soul its boundless force,
Till all the world of waters was thine own:
And thou, like her of Tyre, on whose peel'd head
Their nets the fishers spread,
Spak'st unto Ocean from thy island throne,
"I reign—and none beside—I am—and I alone!"

But, when thy day was one continuous dream,
And all thy night a masque—a festival—
A moonlight music, and a midnight ball;
Then Luxury round thee clasp'd Armida's zone,
And wreath'd thy temples with a flowery braid,
Where venemous serpents play'd,
And mingled charms in thy Circean bowl,
That turn'd the man to brute, and steep'd in sloth
the soul.

Thus wert thou found, when in the evil hour
A giant helmeted in war-array,
Pluck'd from the Syren's brow the mask away.
Venice! the sword that flam'd on Stamboul's tow'r,
Venice! the shield that with its single pow'r

Had stay'd the world in arms, were cast aside.
Thou call'dst thy sons—in vain—
None from a thousand islands, none replied:
None on another—on himself—relied:
No drop that swelled thy veins ere fell on Adria's main.

Ere yet for ever silenc'd, Venice! raise,
To Albion raise thy voice!
Ask her—whose native, erst, when wintry blasts
Rav'd o'er the void of ocean, dark and deep,
Like a lone eagle on the rocky steep,
That from his spread of wing the snow-storm casts,
Stood on the cliff, and, shivering from his lair,
The winged sea-foam shook from his dishevell'd hair:
Ask her—whose savage wander'd forth to prowl
For food, or sprang from ambush in his cave,
'Mid sea-herds, gamboling on the summer wave:
Or when the bleak moon heard the she-wolf howl,
From the deserted den bore off her brood,
And gorg'd the quivering flesh, and quaff'd the living blood:—
Ask her, whence rose her pow'r,
Her grandeur, her dominion, her renown,
The might and exaltation of her crown,

Fleets, whose rich freights her princely merchant's
dow'r,
And war-charg'd navies, that from sea to sea
Spread out her empire?—Freedom gave her force
To cope with harsh necessity, and brave
The monsters of the wild, the wood, the wave:
Freedom: whose youthful hardihood, nor Dane,
Nor Saxon, nor mail'd Norman in his pride
Could captive hold:—Freedom, who cast aside
Their bonds, and taught the monarch how to reign:
Then stood between the nation and the throne,
The arch of empire struck, and pois'd its central
stone.
Her glory, hence, has spread from land to land,
And o'er the Deep, her native element,
Mail'd harbinger, before her Terror went;
And Commerce and twin Conquest, hand in hand,
Where'er a billow roll'd, her flag unfurl'd,
And pil'd on her bleak rocks the tribute of the world.

Briton! are these thy birth-right?—Thine that
word?—
False as the wave, and fickle as the blast,
Commerce from shore to shore has veer'd—has past:
The sword of conquest has betray'd its lord.

Alone, on Virtue's adamantine base,
Shall Freedom's column stand—stand on its resting
place.

Seek we a Tyre, or Venice to presage
The irreversible fate?
Ask we a prophet to unclose the gate
Of dark futurity?—The doom's foreshown:
The history by Time's iron pen engrav'd
On Truth's eternal page.
Britain! peruse that record—'tis thine own.
There view thy lion-progeny enslav'd,
And the bold realm that earth's leagu'd banners
brav'd,
On Freedom's wreck o'erthrown,
If Luxury round thee clasp Armida's serpent zone.

Honour'd art thou, my country!—fear'd art thou—
Envy'd of nations!—Thine the sword and shield
That rescu'd earth.—This struck the Titan low:
That spread its ægis o'er the rally'd field,
When far and wide the shatter'd empires reel'd,
And sank beneath the blow—
Gaul, and the blood-stain'd harvest of her sword,
Lay at thy foot—thou wouldst not touch the spoil:

And when thy pow'r had peace to earth restor'd,
Thou view'dst thy son, returning to his rest,
Bring back in triumph to his native soil
Nought—save the laurel that repaid his toil,
The scar—that grac'd his breast.

Glory and greatness be upon thy brow!
Britain! at rest from victory, consummate
In peace thy great career!—Convoke again
The Senate, where presiding Justice sate,
And Mercy, as she pleaded, heard the chain
From Afric fall—thy word the fetter broke:
Crush its last link—Lo! Avarice yet upholds,
Holds in defiance up the murderous yoke:
The lingering nations yet the curse retain:
Go in thy strength, and free from earth the stain
Of brother's blood.—Loose Erin's galling band,
The fetter on the soul—
Her blessing and her curse are in thy hand:
Leave the free spirit free, and faith to God's control.

The Thames the tribute of thy wealth demands.
Rolls that fam'd flood indignant on his way,
To mingle with the ocean's yellow sands,
Unhonour'd of the merchant-kings?—Extend
On granite arches, rang'd in proud array,

Where domes and terrac'd palaces ascend,
'Mid triumph arcs his marble-paved quay:
There, moor thy navies, fraught with either Ind:
There, free as air, fling wide thy golden gate
Of commerce to mankind:
There launch thy fleets; and weary every gale,
To wing from clime to clime thy welcome sail,
Wafting to each the gifts of all—so bind
The world in love.—The western realms await
Thy coming; to their rising strength impart
Stability of freedom—largely shed
O'er desarts from the world divided far,
Where the poor savage, struggling into life,
With Nature, and her elements, at war
Wages unequal strife,
The seeds of knowledge, and implanted art:
And o'er the isles in darkness, spread the light,
The day-spring of salvation.—Thus, tow'r up,
Tow'r, 'stablish'd in thy might:
And while thy cliffs ascend, and billows flow,
Glory shall hail thy name, and Greatness gird thy brow.

And art thou, Venice! but a warning sound?
Degenerate! on whose brow a father's fame
Deepens the brand of shame—

Ere dark oblivion o'er thee spread her pall,
Call from his long repose—on thy first Founder
call!—

Ask, why his foot forsook yon flow'ry strand,
Abandoning the fruitful heritage
Where his forefathers pass'd in peace their age.
His foot disdain'd to rest
On earth no longer blest,
When the invader held aloft the chain
That fell upon the land:
While Freedom, pointing to th' unfetter'd main,
'Mid the dank marish, on the rushy bed
Where scream'd the bittern, and the serpent bred,
His banner on th' unpeopled isle display'd,
And bad a Venice rise beneath its guardian shade.

Go in his glorious poverty again:
Quit the gold palace, and the marble dome,
The temple, and the sanctuary, and the shrine:
Forsake thy father's home,
The hearth no longer thine.
And, if a wreck remain
Of the proud Bucentaur that 'spous'd the Deep,
With hallowing reverence its last relic keep,

And, under guard of its palladium, go
Where'er the free waves flow,
And traversing the illimitable sea,
Wreathe with its floating weed the brow of Liberty!—

Better to fall in arms beneath the foe,
Than witness, day by day,
Thy palaces abandon'd by their lords,
And marble domes decay:
And, mouldering into dust in silent halls,
Where spiders web the walls,
The banners of their glory fade away.

Better to fall in arms beneath the foe,
And leave a lasting name,
Than, reckless of the heritage of fame,
Sink lowly down in bitterness of shame,
And waste without a blow.—

Thus wert thou seen—where'er I gaz'd around,
Groan'd servitude, corruption, and decay:
Thy temples totter'd on their piles unsound,
And not an arm was stretch'd the plague to stay,
When from the liquid grave around thee spread,
The tainted mist steam'd up—the breathing of the dead.

Ere long, th' enchanting vision, that arose
Like a fair dream, shall, like a dream, depart,—
Tow'r, temple, palace, domes of eastern art,
Beneath the flood, repose.
There, shall the sea-mew, and hoarse birds that make
The deep their haunt, shriek where thy revels rung;
There round the pillar, where thy love-lyre hung,
Coil the huge volumes of the ocean-snake:
And while, beneath, thick swarms the slimy brood,
Above, a stagnant sea shall spread its solitude.

FLORENCE.

Exult thou in thy gay magnificence!
Exult thou in thy glory! nor disdain,
Tho' rude to Tuscan ear the melody,
Reject not thou the strain,
That, mindful of thy beauty, dwells on thee,
Thou stately City fair!
Thy palaces—thy dome that soars in air,
Thy vale enamell'd with perpetual flow'rs,
And Arno's silvery stream fresh'ning the Muse's bow'rs.

Yet—'mid thy splendid fabrics I behold,
In massiveness of gloomy grandeur vast,
Gray with the years of old,
Thy fortress'd mansions in the antique mould
Of stern defiance cast.
Mark they not yet the barbarous age unblest,
When the keen warden, challenging the hour

While midnight, knew not rest,
Pac'd, a mail'd warrior, on th' embattl'd crest?
They breathe of times, when underneath the throne,
In cells of darkness, lay,
'Mid ice-drops bursting from the sunless stone,
The unransom'd captive, till the fleshless bone
Shrunk from its chain away.
They breathe of times
When hearths were haunted with domestic crimes:
Of times, when minstrels in the banner'd hall
Swept the loud harp at festival,
And Beauty's lip the bridal goblet prest,
Death smote th' affianc'd guest.
They breathe of times,
When, at the altar of the living God,
The pontiff, while he raised the Host to heav'n,
And every knee was bent, and forehead bow'd,
Saw with consenting eye the death-blow giv'n,
And while the dagger quiver'd, warm with gore,
Cast his absolving pall the brib'd assassin o'er.

Resplendent City! thou art girt around
With walls that bear the trace, where once uprose
Bulwarks and bastions, at whose foot thy foes
Pass'd from the moated mound,
And castles, where the war-worn battlement

Tells, in its late decline,
Of sieges, when the Guelf and Ghibelline
To Arno's banks their rival armies sent,
And hid her beauteous vale beneath th' invader's tent.

The shout of battle, and the cannon's roar
Has pass'd from Arno's shore:
The iron ring that grasp'd the Gonfalon,
When brother against brother arm'd his hand
Beneath the warden's signal brand,
Rests, idly rests, on the embossed stone.—
Yet, Tuscan! to remotest time
Tell the proud story of thy prime,
That war thy cradle rock'd 'mid stern alarms:
That, not immur'd in inassailable tow'rs,
Thy sires consum'd voluptuous hours
When Freedom call'd to arms.
Onward they went the war to wage,
To pitch before th' invader's eye
The Gonfalon, their battle-gage,
To wreathe their brow with victory,
Or consecrate in Glory's grave,
Death that awaits the brave.—

Tell, to enslav'd Italia tell,
When bow'd her strength beneath th' invader's yoke,

Thy spirit tow'r'd unbroke:
That last on Arno's sacred ground
The trace of Freedom's step was found:
That Arno's vale yet caught her last farewell,
When from the Tuscan arm th' unaided ægis fell.

Stranger! ascend yon brow!
Not when young Morn withdraws her silvery veil
An Eden to behold,
Fair-freshen'd by the stream's meand'ring flow:
Nor, when the broad sun slowly roll'd,
Wheels thro' heav'n's flaming vault his orb of gold,
On the green height to catch the temperate gale;
Stand thou, where Cosmo stood:
So found thy fame. So form the great design
Thy nation to exalt; her glory, thine.
Call thou on him, who, in prophetic mood
Exultant, from the crest of Appennine
Saw Art's fair light first dawn o'er Arno's vale,
Ere Brunellesco pois'd his dome divine,
Ere Giotto saw his tow'r sublimely rise,
And bold Ghiberti graved the gates of paradise.

Not less, proud Florence! to thy latest hour
Dwell on Lorenzo's day:
The merchant—the magnificent—the Lord

Of Arno, who, in plenitude of pow'r
By free-born sons ador'd,
On Commerce beam'd bright Fame's undying ray.
Hail him, the Bard, whose polish'd strain
Sooth'd to melodious sounds the bacchic roar,
And led the Muses from Illyssus' plain,
To plant their laurels by his native stream,
'Mid groves that breath'd of Academe:
Where Tuscan bow'rs Minerva's olive bore,
And Homer's harp at festive banquets rung,
And Plato's Attic grace tun'd chaste Politian's tongue.

A Muse the vessel steer'd, and spread the sail,
What time his fleet, Art's last remains to save,
Woo'd the consenting gale,
And to and fro, furrowing th' Ægean wave,
To Athens pass'd, and link'd to Arno's shore
Pireus: and brought back the freight sublime,
The Phidian statue, and the sculptur'd gem:
Relics that, hallow'd by the touch of Time,
Dim'd in Lorenzo's sight Golconda's diadem.

Behold yon dancing Fawn:—
So his gay foot, timing th' Evoë' song,
Led the wild Nymphs along:
So lightly bounded on th' Arcadian lawn,

When first the Bromian God to crown their mirth,
Press'd from the purple grape the drop that gladdens
earth.

Lo! Niobe—on her uplifted brow
View agony imprest,
As her last child—now—now about to die,
Clings to the altar of a mother's breast.
Hark!—in the twang of the celestial bow
That mother hears the death-fraught arrow fly:
And, bending o'er her child to shield the blow,
Feels in that marble form, all—all a mother's woe.

Go where, descendent from above,
In charms beyond earth's fairest image bright,
The golden goddess of celestial love
Beams from the soul a light
That gives the sculptur'd form a grace divine.
There, bend before her shrine,
Adoring Art's sublimest influence.
Not this the Goddess, that on Ida's plain
Came to the Phrygian swain,
And, arm'd with Beauty's proud omnipotence,
Th' eclipsing veil withdrew,
And flash'd before his view

Charms that o'erwhelm'd the mortal's reeling sense:
Far lovelier, here, her form from gaze profane
Shrinks back, and as the marble seems to glow,
Guards with o'ershadowing arm her breast of virgin snow.

Fair Florence! at thy day's decline,
When came the shade from Appennine,
And suddenly on blade and bow'r
The fire-flies shed the sparkling show'r,
As if all heav'n to earth had sent
Each star that gems the firmament:
'Twas sweet, at that enchanting hour
To bathe in fragrance of th' Italian clime
By Arno's stream, her haunts among
Immortalis'd in song:
And feed on honey of the Tuscan rhyme
Mellifluous, in the myrtle's green alcove,
Whose echoes oft had rung
With notes more liquid than the nightingale,
That charm'd the list'ning vale,
What time the Bard of Laura and of Love,
To Eve's lone bird his amorous descant sung,
And borne in dream from Arno's gentle flow,
Told to hoarse Sorga's flood, and far Vaucluse, his woe.

Delightful on the brow of Fesoli
In idle hour to lie,
Where wont of old th' enchanter dwell:
He whose hundred-fabled spell,
When Florence 'mid her tainted walls,
Where day supply'd night's unblest funerals,
Saw horror, frenzy, and despair
Mingled with uncontroll'd voluptuousness,
Drew forth by its melodious pow'r,
To groves where fragrance fill'd the air,
And Health had built his chosen bow'r,
Etruria's earthly Pleiades,
The flower of Florence, fairest of the fair,
And gay and gallant youths the dream to share,
The dream so bright—so brief—of youthful happiness.

I trac'd them gliding in their gay career:
Now amid arbors, whose unfolding bloom
Breath'd on the gale perfume,
Where the smooth lawn was verdure all the year:
And o'er its freshness, cool as unsunn'd snow,
Living rivulets wreath'd their flow:
Now, under spread of trees, on beds of flow'rs
Round the smooth marble of a fountain clear,
They bent the tale to hear,

That link'd thro' ten brief days the summer hours,
Fabling of amorous bliss, or sweet distress:
While each in turn, sole regent of the day,
With laurel garland crown'd,
By witching words the ravished audience bound.
So sank the sun away.
Then on that pleasant place, when Eve had laid
The soothing of her shade,
When the sweet tale was mute,
And nought of harsher breathing heard
Than the low night-air, and the love-lorn bird,
Carol, and dance, and amorous song,
Wooing the touches of the tender lute,
Wing'd the fleet hours along.—
And now—all pass'd away—too swiftly gone—
And like a vision fled the gay Decameron.

Cradle of Science, Art, and Poesy!
Thy boast—and high the praise—thou honor'st, dead,
Whom, living, thou did'st crown
With more than kingly diadem—renown—
That, more than sculpture, grac'd their monument:
Tears that a nation shed,
The tear of veneration and lament.

"The Father of his Country" sleeps at rest,
By that proud title blest.

Thou guard'st Lorenzo's dust:
Thou honor'st Santa-Croce's hallow'd dead.
Thou bad'st Italia crown Alfieri's bust,
And Science, by thy filial worship led,
Hail Galileo's bed:
And Painting, Poesy, and Sculpture wave
The wreaths that Genius blends o'er Bonarotti's grave.

On these I lonely mus'd,
And, calling up their spirits from the tomb,
Commun'd in awful gloom,
Where no vain dreams of earth the soul abus'd.
Peace there abide! with other thoughts possest,
Than peace that hails the blest,
I pass'd within the portals of a dome,
Blazing with all that pomp, and pride, and pow'r
Round living majesty array,
Regardless that the worm there inly lay,
Mocking our mortal hour.
Its semblance was a palace, wherein Death,
Under a canopy of royal state
At solemn banquet sate,
And rank'd at his approach each shadowy guest:
Disquieting the world from east to west,
From north to south, from far Golconda's mines,
To where the sun o'er gold Peru declines,

To render up each hidden gem
A spectre to endiadem,
And crown corruption.—Ye! whose relics lie
In the gem'd monument and jasper urn;
Ye, heirs of guilt and misery!
Thou, hapless Sire, thou that did'st backward turn,
And strike the blow, when on thy poniard glow'd
The blood that from thy murder'd offspring flow'd,
Himself—a murderer!—and thou! yok'd with crime,
Slave of her charms, the fatal beauty fair,
Bianca, with the golden hair,
The fiend, who at the banquet board
With deadly drops the chalice stor'd,
Then fetter'd in her own infernal snare,
Fell on the brow of her expiring lord:
Fell 'mid the festive pomp—each, each a corse
abhorr'd:
Ah! heirs of guilt! far better had it been
That ye had ne'er been born!
Or when in innocence ye sank to rest
On the maternal breast,
That death had o'er you clos'd the earthly scene
In childhood's blissful morn.
Far better had it been
That ye had lain, where peasants lie, unseen
In earth's dark bed: a turf, your nameless tomb:
Your grave, Oblivion's womb.

I pass'd away in scorn;—
And fondly sought, where, in what hallow'd ground
Eternally renown'd,
Where, in what tow'ring pyramid enclos'd,
Or brazen monument by Florence plac'd;
And Bonarotti grac'd,
The relics of the Tuscan Bard repos'd;
Or where it but an unadorned stone
By Dante's memory known:
Or were it but a grassy-mantled sod
O'er which a laurel grew,
And morn and eve refresh'd with drops of heav'nly dew.

In vain I sought around:
Tomb, nor funeral mound
On Florence rose, the hallow'd spot revealing:
No monumental rhyme
Beneath his native clime,
Grav'd on the votive stone a nation's feeling.

Athens of Italy! where Dante's urn?
Was thine the gate that on the Exile clos'd?
The gate that never witness'd his return?
Not on thy lap his brow in age repos'd:
Not, where his cradle rock'd, Death seal'd his eyes;
Beneath Ravenna's soil Hetruria's glory lies.

Yet—when o'er stranger earth the Exile stray'd,
His thoughts alone had rest
In the lov'd spot that first his foot had prest.
His spirit linger'd where the boy had play'd,
And join'd the counsels where the man bore part.
And could his lofty soul have stoop'd to shame,
There had the Eld in peace his breath resign'd.
But—to harsh exile with unbending mind
Went Dante, went the muse, went deathless fame,
And his pure soul, where'er the wanderer trod,
Dwelt communing with God.

What recks it that thy sons, in after age,
When centuries had seen his stranger tomb,
Revers'd the Exile's doom?
That Florence tore the record from her page,
And woo'd the remnant of his ancient race
To greet their native place?—
They may return, and in their birth-place die,
Shrouded in still obscurity.
But sooner shall the Appennine
On Arno's vale recline,
And Arno's crystal current cease to flow,
Ere that again in man a Dante's genius glow.

Guard then, as thy palladium, Florence! guard,
Guard as the Muse's shrine

His sacred stone, sole relic of the Bard.
There, on his youthful dream, the form divine
Dawn'd, ere the beacon of relentless hate
Flam'd o'er th' unclosing gate;
And there, in after-time,
An eagle soaring in the might of youth,
Yet not unknown of fame,
From distant Thames, and the bleak northern clime,
Britannia's Milton came:
Led by the Tuscan Muse, whose wide career
Now reach'd heav'n's highest sphere,
Now fathom'd the Tartarean depth below:
Or when to earth devote,
As Love and Terror smote,
Swell'd the deep chord that ic'd the blood with fear
At Ugolino's feast, or sad and slow
Drew from the heart the tear that wept Francesca's
woe.

But—not the Tuscan fount
Melodious, nor the gush of Hippocrene,
That roll'd its music from the double mount,
Castalia's rocks between,
Not these alone—tho' full their current flow'd
On Milton's thirsty lip—not these alone,
But waters welling from the hill of God,
To Siloa's prophets known,

Were sought of him, who, while his spirit glow'd
With the deep burning of intense desire,
In the pure sanctuary of hallowing fame
To consecrate his name,
Beheld Urania from th' angelic choir,
Not uninvok'd, descend,
And to her votary bring a seraph's golden lyre.

THE

GROTTO OF EGERIA.

Can I forget that beauteous day,
When, shelter'd from the burning beam,
First in thy haunted grot I lay,
And loos'd my spirit to its dream,
Beneath the broken arch, o'erlay'd
With ivy, dark with many a braid
That clasp'd its tendrils to retain
The stone its roots had writh'd in twain?
No Zephyr on the leaflet play'd,
No bent-grass bow'd its slender blade,
The coiled snake lay slumber-bound:
All mute, all motionless around,
Save, livelier, while others slept,
The lizard on the sun-beam leapt,
And louder, while the groves were still,
The unseen cigali, sharp and shrill,

As if their chirp could charm alone
Tir'd noontide with its unison.

Stranger! that roam'st in solitude!
Thou too, 'mid tangling bushes rude,
Seek in the glen, yon heights between,
A rill more pure than Hippocrene,
That from a sacred fountain fed
The stream that filled its marble bed.
Its marble bed long since is gone,
And the stray water struggles on,
Brawling thro' weeds and stones its way.
There, when o'erpow'r'd at blaze of day,
Nature languishes in light,
Pass within the gloom of night,
Where the cool grot's dark arch o'ershades
Thy temples, and the waving braids
Of many a fragrant brier that weaves
Its blossom thro' the ivy leaves.
Thou, too, beneath that rocky roof,
Where the moss mats its thickest woof,
Shalt hear the gather'd ice-drops fall
Regular, at interval,
Drop after drop, one after one,
Making music on the stone,
While every drop, in slow decay,

Wears the recumbent Nymph away.
Thou too, if ere thy youthful ear
Thrill'd the Latian lay to hear,
Lull'd to slumber in that cave,
Shalt hail the Nymph that held the wave;
A goddess, who there deign'd to meet
A mortal from Rome's regal seat,
And o'er the gushing of her fount,
Mysterious truths divine to earthly ear recount.

ON

THE RUINED PALACE OF RIENZI.

Wreck'd Palace! where, confus'dly joined,
Sad emblem of thy master's mind,
The Roman and the Goth hath lent
Forms of discordant ornament:
Tho' lowly in th' abandon'd spot,
By Rome, and her slave-sons forgot,
Thou moulder in unsightly gloom,
Half buried in Oblivion's tomb:
Yet, might lay like mine prevail,
Thy dust should live, and spread the tale,
And call from Pleasure's festive round
A Briton's foot to haunt that ground.

That Palace—was Rienzi's home—
Rienzi—pride, and scorn of Rome:

Whose arm—alone—awhile upbore
Her column in its strength of yore.
'Tis rumour'd yet, his spell had pow'r
To summon to that ruin'd tow'r
Spirits, that to his eye of flame,
Rome's arm'd avengers—nightly came.
Metellus—either Scipio—there—
And either Brutus wav'd in air,
His blade—'mid these, Rienzi stood,
And grasp'd each dagger dark with blood.
That time, from Tyber's shouting shore
A voice went forth far regions o'er;
The voice that rous'd by Sorga's stream
Lone Petrarch from his Laura dream,
And silencing Love's gifted lyre,
Drew from its chords Alcæus' fire.

ON

A PEASANT

OF THE

ABRUZZI MOUNTAINS.

Alas for thee, poor mountain Swain!
Alas for thee, whose fatal toil
Reaps death on Rome's sepulchral soil!
Rock, nor tree, nor kindly shed
Shade from the Dog-star's flame thy head.
Poor mountain Swain!
Nurs'd by the spirit of the untainted wind!
Thy sweat-drop boils upon the parch'd champain
Interminably spread.
In vain thou cast'st thy look behind:
O'er-wearied, ere thy noon-task done,
Thou sink'st beneath the blazing sun:
Vainly before thy failing eyes
The pine-woods of Abruzzi rise:

Vainly in currents cool and clear,
As if to mock thy mortal woe,
Thou seem'st to see, thou seem'st to hear
The fresh springs of Abruzzi flow.
The waving pine and waterfall
Thy spirit shall no more recall.
They, who, at Dawn's first roseate glow
Saw youth's keen ardor on thy brow,
While free winds with thy ringlets play'd,
Fresh'ning thy cheek with brighest bloom,
Ere Night lets fall her soothing shade,
Look on thy paleness in the tomb,
And weep upon their staff of age
Brôke, brôke, ere ceas'd their pilgrimage.

THE

PONTINE MARSHES.

FIEND of the Marsh! who from beneath yon woods
That sweep along the sea-beach, wing'st thy way
In viewless vapour at the noon of day,
Spreading th' infection of the unsunn'd floods,
Far off thou hover'd'st that auspicious hour
Which led me o'er th' undeviating road,
When, bright with spring, all nature freshly glow'd,
And from the sun-beam stole its genial pow'r.
On, as I sought Campania's blest domain,
Behind me, bold Albano's wooded brow,
Dark-rising from the lake that slept below,
Tow'r'd like the guardian of the Latian plain.
Eastward, a cultur'd region slowly rose
In smooth ascent, till boldly on the steep
Proud Cora, where the Volscian mountains sweep,
Bad on her Doric fanes the eye repose.

Before me, where Theodoric's palace tow'r'd,
  Bright Anxur, on her rocky crest aloft
  Shone like the new-fall'n snow, and sweetly soft,
The south wind told how fair her orange flow'r'd.
But where the sun went down in waves of gold,
  Stretch'd far and wide a grassy champain lay:
  Itself of old beneath the sea-god's sway
Had felt the heave of billows o'er it roll'd.
The milk-white kine, and jet-black buffalo
  There, pasturing, gambol'd, and wild colts whose mane
  Swept the luxuriance of the unshorn plain,
In challenge of the winds rac'd to and fro.
A stream on either side, and o'er the mound
  In double rows the elm and poplar hung,
  Where pleasant birds their amorous carol sung,
And all the air rang with delightful sound:
Here, Ufens glided peaceably, and there
  Swift Amasenus rushing, deep and clear,
  Bore record of the Exile's trusted spear,
That wing'd his Infant* thro' the void of air,
While his bold arm dash'd back the torrent's swell.
  Nor be that mount forgot, where echoes float
  Of Homer's minstrelsy, whose dulcet note
Rests on Circello like th' enchantress' spell.

* See the interesting story of Camilla in the 11th Book of the Æneid.

And who in blissful hour that brow shall climb,
May trace each feature of the sacred earth,
Where Virgil gave his Rome immortal birth,
And bound her Being in his magic rhyme.
Lavinium, Tyber, Ostia burst on sight,
Filling the plain afar with wonder and delight.

THE BANDIT.

Speed onward—day withdraws its light,
The shadows lengthen into night:
The woods a gloomier horror breathe,
And vapours spread th' envenom'd wreath.
Lo! where yon ruin'd cities rest,
Like clouds upon the mountain's crest,
There, in his den, 'mid rocky cells,
Hereditary Murder dwells.
Speed! ere down those pathless steeps
The Arab of Italia sweeps.
That spring of limb, that breadth of mould,
A Mercury and Mars infold.
Round the robber chieftain blaze
Stones that beam back the solar rays,
Love-tokens that gay brides have worn,
And rings that dow'red dames adorn—
A carbine, slung at either side,
Clangs from his girdle's plated pride,

And o'er his rich-embroider'd vest,
A cross and poniard guard his breast.
Speed, ere beneath th' impatient steel
Th' assassin's grasp thy blood congeal,
O'er life and death the balance hold,
Slow-bartering limb by limb for gold.
Ah! if the promis'd ransom fail,
Deem not that mercy will avail.
Reft, like the eagle's living prey,
From earth, and all her race away,
Where never whisper of thy woe
Shall reach the stranger world below,
Akin to human-kind no more,
Dead art thou, ere existence o'er,
Ere the last stab thy torture end,
And blood-hounds on thy corse contend.

Speed, traveller! speed! adown yon steeps
The Arab of Italia sweeps.

THE

LAKE OF COMO.

Mountains! on whose granite crests
Above the clouds the eagle rests,
Where the shy chamois haunts the untrodden snow:
Glaciers! and ye whose torrents flow,
Gushing down glens that wind between
The Grisons and the Valteline:
And thou, still Lake! that sleep'st yon heights among:
I may not rudely pass thy loveliness unsung.

Fain would I in these votive numbers weave
Thy memory, and the enchantment of that day,
When from fair Dawn to rosy-vestur'd Eve
Bright Summer thro' thy haunts led on my way:
Now amid dazzling sun-beams, as the ray
Flash'd from the oared water, now amid
Cool shadows from the wilderness of wood,

And grots in darkness hid:
Or where along the mirror of the flood
Shone palaces, with dome, and colonnade,
Before whose marble steps bright fountains play'd
'Mid trim parterres, and arbors quaintly shorn
By artful toil, that here and there displayed
A Flora, grac'd with Almalthea's horn,
Pan, or a piping Fawn, who glads the groves,
Or quiver'd Dians under gilt alcoves.

But—lovlier far, fair Como! lovelier far
Thy solitudes, and th' untam'd wantoning
Of the sweet woodbine, that, ne'er taught to cling,
Clasps the wild rose, and closely interweaves
Its ring of trailing twine
To deck the rustic porch, and wed the vine,
Where the green trellis of th' exuberant leaves
Shades off Italia's sun-beam. Lovelier far
Where wild flow'rs wanton are,
And th' unseen violet beneath the tread
Betrays its fragrant bed,
To wind along the margin of the lake:
Or in the coolness of the rocky cave
With icy drops the fiery lip to slake,
And watch the flow and ebbing of the wave,
Where Pliny wont to muse: and, free from Rome,

Pomps, and gorg'd theatres, and vain parade
Of train'd disputes beneath the sophist's dome,
By other teacher taught, and better lore,
Where the coy Spirit of the Water stray'd,
Question'd the fount: or lone on Como's shore
Found Wisdom, making solitude a home,
Nature a book.—Far lovelier to explore
The leafy labyrinths, o'er whose growth, on high
Tow'r'd the stone-pine, while streams that flow'd beneath
Wound, musical, their many-sparkling wreath.—

And can I pass those roofs unsung
That o'er the lake so peaceful hung,
Where on each rock that view'd the flood
The hamlet of the woman stood?—
The woman, who there dwelt alone:
Her sire—her son—her husband—gone:
Gone all, save one, who now withheld,
Basks in the sun, an hoary eld,
And to the grand-child on his knee
Repeats in fond garrulity,
Strange tales of far and foreign lands,
While the child spreads his wondering hands,
And feeds the wish, like him, to roam,
And bring the tale of peril home.

Yes—o'er that eld ere close the tomb,
The boy, in manhood's brightest bloom,
Leaves the young bride, so lately blest,
Leaves the fair infant on her breast,
And o'er the world in exile driv'n,
Leaves Como's lake, his earthly heav'n.
Have we not seen him on his way
A stranger 'mid our cities stray,
And in the track his fathers wore,
Retrace their footsteps o'er and o'er,
And proffer to the passers by
The treasures of his pedlary?
And is his birth-place quite forgot,
His earthly heav'n remember'd not?—
No—Como's lake before him lies,
Her rocks, her peaceful roofs arise:
Here, his stone-seat, and there the sod
On which his little foot first trod,
And every flow'r his little hand
First wedded to the rocky strand,
He hears the bleating kid he bred,
And wild notes from the mountain head:
Calls on the bride his young arm prest,
And clasps the infant on her breast,
Hence, wanderer! hence!—return, return—
Soothe thy own heart:—soothe those that mourn.

Ne'er on thy eyelid Peace shall dwell,
Till hiv'd thy honey in that cell:
Till on the threshold of that door
Thou vow the vow to part no more,
And where thy blissful childhood past,
In that rock cradle breathe thy last.

And I would fain that thou, my song, recall
The twilight's shadowy fall,
When, wearied of the sun-light, and the glare
That flash'd from off the flood, I woo'd the air
To cool me, where on green Belagio's brow
I heard the night-breeze blow:
And back recall the moon, that, while I lay,
And heard the waters play,
Full-orb'd in all her brightness, burst above
The darkness of the grove,
And o'er the lake diffus'd her silver day.
Sweet was it, under myrtle shade reclin'd,
To listen to the whisper of the wind:
Sweet was it, to behold on either side
The crystal flood divide,
Making an isle of that green eminence:
And watch the sails that flash'd on the far stream,
Now seen, now lost,
Like fire-flies glancing thro' the moonlight gleam,

As winds the current cross'd:
But sweeter far, at midnight hour,
When song has witchery pow'r,
At measur'd interval to hear
The cadence of the oar keep time
To the Italian rhyme,
As some fay boat drew nearer and more near,
Attemper'd to the touches of the lute,
And smoothly-flowing flute;
And when the oar had resting, and the gale
Fann'd with fresh breath of flow'rs the sail,
To hear around the winding of the cove
A voice, whose word was song, steal thro' the lip of love.

Oh, sweet Belagio! when the tear will flow
At sense of rooted woe,
Breathe back the voice that, winding round the cove,
Stole thro' the lip of love:
And give again thy water's silvery gleam,
And all that glanc'd in light beneath that moonshine beam!

VALLOMBROSA.

Must I then leave you, hermit haunts! nor trace
Once more the scenes that, varying on my way,
Made, like a transient dream, the summer day?
No more search out the consecrated place
Where o'er a Milton's harp a seraph rose,
As Autumn thickly strow'd her leaves o'er Vallombrose?

On you that dream still rests: o'er vale and mead,
Onward I pass by Arno's pebbly bed,
And skirt the slope where vines and olives wed.
Hamlet, and farm, and lonely cot recede,
And Arno, dwindled to a scanty rill,
Twines, like a silver thread, between each closing hill.

Deep glens succeed; and now the stony tract,
Where on the ridge the sun's meridian force
Glares, like a spreading flame, athwart my course;

While far beneath, the unseen cataract
Gives to the gale a voice, and seems to say,
" Come, wanderer! in my stream thy fever'd lip
allay:

" Seek these wild woods: there list the lulling
" sound,
" The music of the motion of the leaf,
" Unmix'd with murmur of a human grief:
" And dip thy chalice in yon gulf profound,
" Whose water, in its current cool and clear,
" Streams from a fount unmix'd with stain of human
tear."

At once the flame has ceas'd, at once the gale
Blows freshness, as I rest these pines beneath,
And, lingering in their midnight shadow,
breathe.
And now I bid th' advancing abbey hail,
That in the centre of the velvet lawn
Comes, welcoming my step from yon dark woods
withdrawn.

Beneath th' embowering beech that crowns the
glade
Fed by the rills that burst its roots between,

View the bold spread of Nature's woodland scene,
Pine-mantled mountains, shade o'ershadowing shade,
Where, bluer than the ocean's bluest flood,
The sky's deep azure cuts the darkly-verdant wood.

So Eve steals on: but not as seen of yore,
The meek companion of the convent bell:
Along the voiceless breeze no vespers swell:
The abbot and his flock here meet no more.
Rude hands have forc'd him from his blest retreat,
And baleful weeds o'erspread his hospitable seat.

Th' unwilling hinds to new possessors bear
The vintage, and the gladness of their field:
But will their garner'd stores like treasures yield,
The widow's portion and the orphan's share?
Will they make poor themselves, the poor to feed,
Nor—save the heart's mute thanks—seek other worldly meed?

Will in their walls the friendless find a friend?
Will helpless Infancy, and hopeless Age,
Look to their roof their misery to assuage?
Will to their home the houseless pilgrim bend?

Will Frailty there his secret soul expose,
And at their porch lay down the burden of his woes?

Ah! hapless Exile! tho' severe thy lot,
Tho' bow'd by years, in hopelessness of age,
O'er yon strange world thou pass thy pilgrimage:
Not yet has earth thy mercy-deeds forgot.
Where'er thou wander'st, Peace with thee abide!
Thy resting place is heav'n—and God thy guide!

THE

LAKE OF NEMI.

STILL in its deep abyss the water lay.
Where once the fire-flood roar'd, and central flame
Reft earth's disjointed frame,
Dark in the noon of day
The gloomy lake profound,
By Nemi's pathless woods encompass'd round.

Aloft, on a bold eminence I stood,
And gaz'd on that dark lake, beneath a grove,
Where, like a gliding spectre seen to move,
The pale Carthusian his lone way pursued
In silence, thro' the interdicted wood,
Where female foot may ne'er unblam'd intrude:
Lest, haply seen, a form too fair
Immingle with their hermit's pray'r,
And downward draw the heav'n-fix'd eye
To earthly angel passing by.

It was not thus of old,
Yet echo dwells on tales by poets told
Of Nemi's woods, and groves where garlands hung:
And songs by females sung,
And hymned strains of virgin melody,
That hallow'd on the votive lyre
The goddess of the silvan choir,
Who left for these wild shades her native sky.
They sung, by her to life restor'd,
Him whom the Attic muse deplor'd.
They sung, how here with hound and horn
The coy, chaste youth wont rouse the morn,
Thro' sacred groves the stag pursue,
And trace, where Dian pass'd, her foot in sunless dew.

TERRACINA.

Traveller! thou whose weary tread
Has pass'd the lingering way,
Where in wide waste around thee spread,
The Pontine marshes lay:
Where the bright dew-drops, that adorn
The glist'ning meads at summer morn,
Distil a baleful show'r,
And Eve's soft shade, and Eve's soft breath
Float on a mist, that guards with death
The wizard's tainted bow'r.

Haste to a rock that lowly bows
His front to meet the main,
Where Morn a breeze from Ocean blows
That Eve's glad wings retain:
A breeze, that in the glare of day
Sleeps on the noon-tide's sultry ray,
But wakes at fall of night,

And on the dewy moonbeam sails,
And wings with joy and health the gales
On Terracina's height.

Come to the rock, that shadowy cove,
Where earth and ocean meet,
And spirits of the sea and grove
Enwreathe their glancing feet:
Now, sportive, round the rocky base
The sunbeam on the billow chase,
And laugh to hear the while,
In the smooth sea that lies below,
A fragment bounding off the brow,
Fall from Theodoric's pile.

There thou shalt spy the bashful train:
Or, if they shun thy view,
The scenery shall thy step detain,
The fair creation new:
The palm-tree on the mountain height,
The aloe soaring to the light,
That bold in beauty tow'rs;
The orange, that on every shoot
At once, its bud, its bloom, its fruit,
On Terracina show'rs.

Wind round the cliff in sweet delay—
  Why stays thy faltering pace?
Yon rocks, that seem to bar thy way,
  Shall ope, and yield thee space—
Advance—the verdant plains expand
That lead thee to the loveliest land
  Beneath th' Ausonian skies:
And Terracina's fairest flow'rs
But strow the path to fairer bow'rs,
  Where on her waveless sea th' enchanting
    Syren lies.

CARRARA.

On to the bleak and barren Appennine,
Where Nature in her wildness walks alone
On the rude mountain rock, and shapeless stone.
Trace her coy footstep to her central shrine,
Thro' many a darksome glen and deep ravine,
Where foaming torrents pour their floods between.
There view, with domes and radiant temples crown'd,
A city rise, th' enchanter's hand beneath.
Lo! its inhabitants, a marble race,
Sea-Nymph, or Naiad, Satyr, Faun, or Grace,
Stern Jove, or Love's enticing goddess, breathe,
And woo thy stay.—But, linger not—pursue
A path, by bubbling brooks, along the dell,
Where amid verdant hills that smoothly swell,
The marble mountain tow'rs before thy view,
Carrara's unwrought temple.—There behold,
How Sculpture on the mount engraves their name,
Theirs, in that quarry, those rude rocks among,

Who, led by Genius, step by step along,
Pass'd to immortal fame.—
Nor fail thou in that region to deplore
Canova, in his noon of glory gone:
Who oft in tranced vision, bending o'er
The mountain's marble brow,
On rugged fragments round confus'dly thrown,
The shapeless mass below,
Saw each fine form the Graces had enshrin'd
In the pure sanctuary of his cultur'd mind:
And, like the youth, who, on his air-borne steed
From fetters loos'd rock-bound Andromeda,
Unchain'd the struggling limbs, and boldly freed
The form of Beauty, that unseen, unknown,
A living statue lay tomb'd in th' imprisoning stone.

TIVOLI.

Spirit! who lov'st to live unseen
By brook, or pathless dell,
Where wild woods burst the rocks between,
And floods, in stream of silver sheen,
Gush from their flinty cell!

Or where the ivy weaves her woof,
And climbs the crag alone,
Haunt'st the cool grotto, day-light proof,
Where loitering drops that wear the roof,
Turn all beneath to stone.

Shield me from Summer's blaze of day,
From noon-tide's fiery gale,
And as thy waters round me play,
Beneath th' o'ershadowing cavern lay,
Till Twilight spreads her veil.

Then guide me where the wandering moon
Rests on Mæcenas' wall,

And echoes at Night's solemn noon,
In Tivoli's soft shades attune
The peaceful waterfall.

Again they float before my sight
The bow'r, the flood, the glade;
Again on yon romantic height
The Sibyl's temple tow'rs in light,
Above the dark cascade.

Down the steep cliff I wind my way
Along the dim retreat,
And, 'mid the torrents deaf'ning bray,
Dash from my brow the foam away,
Where clashing cataracts meet.

And now I leave the rocks below,
And, issuing forth from night,
View on the flakes that sunward flow,
A thousand rainbows round me glow,
And arch my way with light.

Again the myrtles o'er me breathe,
Fresh flow'rs my path perfume,
Round cliff and cave wild tendrils wreathe,
And from the groves that bend beneath,
Low trail their purple bloom.

Thou grove, thou glade of Tivoli,
Dark flood, and rivulet clear,
That wind, where'er you wander by,
A stream of beauty on the eye,
Of music on the ear:

And thou, that when the wandering moon
Illum'd the rocky dell,
Did'st to my charmed ear attune
The echoes of Night's solemn noon,
Spirit unseen! farewell!

Farewell!—O'er many a realm I go,
My natal isle to greet,
Where summer sunbeams mildly glow,
And sea-winds health and freshness blow
O'er Freedom's hallow'd seat.

Yet, there, to thy romantic spot
Shall Fancy oft retire,
And hail the bow'r, the stream, the grot,
Where Earth's sole Lord the world forgot,
And Horace smote the lyre.

THE

BORROMEAN ISLANDS.

ISOLA MADRE.

STRANGER! if e'er th' Homeric lay
Wing'd thee to distant seas away,
Whose azure girt th' enchanted isle
That bloom'd beneath Calypso's smile:
Where every wave that reach'd the shore,
A sound as from a Syren bore:
Where earth put forth perpetual flow'rs,
With fruits perpetual deck'd her bow'rs,
With vines o'ercanopied the grove,
And swell'd with moss the couch of Love:
While, 'mid the leaves that lightly stirr'd,
The dove that woo'd her mate was heard,
And ever from the viewless caves,
Far echoes of the woods and waves,

Mingled and multiplied each sound
That spread in soft confusion round:—
Speed to yon island: speed with me:
Come to the bow'rs of Borromee;
And in their magic circle view
Scenes fairer far than Homer drew.
Or—where by fond devotion led,
Sorrento's coast I visited,
Not there to seek her green alcoves,
Her citron bow'rs, her golden groves,
And streams that, freely gushing down,
Arch their smooth beds of lava stone:
But that my step might touch that spot,
In Fancy's day-dream ne'er forgot,
Where o'er her Tasso's cradle hung
The Muse that smooth'd the Tuscan tongue.

Hast thou, too, glow'd beneath that roof,
Where the bard wove his fairy woof,
And in its web that isle enwreath'd,
O'er which Armida magic breath'd?
When doubtful of the spells that lie
On Love's mute lip, and speaking eye,
And subtler witcheries imprest
On Beauty's throne, the female breast,
The fair-one bad seductive Art
To Nature's charms new grace impart,

And on Creation, summon'd round,
The girdle of enchantment bound.
Where'er she mov'd, a brighter sky
Beam'd forth, and form'd her canopy;
Where'er she lay, the lap of earth
Bloom'd with new flow'rs of fairer birth;
Or from the rose and violet drew
A balmier breath, a lovelier hue.
Do these enchant thee? Come with me,
Come to the isle of Borromee,
And feast thy restless gaze, untir'd,
E'en on the spot that Tasso fir'd.

List the low airs that slowly move,
As loth to leave the orange grove,
Or stir a leaf, whose umbrage throws
O'er the dim trellis deep repose;
Drink in each breath nectareous dews,
Where new-born flow'rs unfold their hues,
And in the crystal of the lake
View heav'n itself new beauty take.

But—pause not there: pursue thy round:
Rest not thy foot on charmed ground;
Fly—a dark fiend beneath the leaves
A spell of strange oblivion weaves.

Fly—lest beneath Circean sway
The mould of man should melt away,
And like the herds that idly graze,
Thou slumber out life's dreamless days:
Ere thou forget thy native earth,
Ere cease to boast a Briton's birth,
Forget what Virtue, Glory claim,
Proud Honour's glow, bright Freedom's flame,
And thou, in Slavery's realm a slave,
Find a strange home, and foreign grave!

ON

PÆSTUM.

Not yet the morn-star had his light withdrawn,
Not yet the sun had ris'n: while thick the dews
Hung on the branch, impatient of the dawn,
To Pæstum's solitude I sped my way.
'Twas the sweet season, 'twas the birth of May,
When gladness swells the universal voice,
And all that live in very life rejoice.
Onward I went rejoicing. But when lay
Before me Pæstum's desolated ground,
The sun in noontide blaze refus'd its light;
And suddenly on wings of violent sound
A storm-cloud, dark as night,
Rush'd from th' o'ershadow'd mountains, and amain
'Mid gusts of hail-stones burst th' o'erwhelming rain,
And thunders peal'd, and, preluding their roar,
Wing'd flames that rent the clouds travers'd the welkin o'er.
Yet—the dread thunder-peal, the lightning fire

That rent the clouds, and fitful flash'd between,
Seem'd, as accordant with the gloomy scene,
Deep awe, and solemn feelings to inspire.
But when the sun at transient interval
Burst thro' the veil, and on the desert laid
Its golden light, at once, with all their pomp
Of massive pillars, in their strength array'd,
Broader and brighter from surrounding shade,
Range answering range, the giant temples rose
Before me, like a forest avenue
Of oaks, beneath a thousand winters' snows
Grown gray. And still, where'er I turn'd my view
On the colossal fanes, incumbent Time
Deepen'd the character that Greece of yore
Bad Genius and her high-soul'd sons adore,
Th' Herculean grandeur of her Doric prime,
Simple—severe—sublime.

Sole monuments of nations long unknown!
Ye, in your strength alone,
Stand 'mid the desolate region, where of old
Dense population swarm'd.—How drear the shore,
O'er vacant billows vacant billows roll'd,
Where the sail ceas'd not gleaming, nor the oar
Its restless labour.—Void the courts that view'd
O'er hecatombs, the incense columns rise,

Dark'ning the sun-pav'd skies.
Where now the images, the molten gods,
The trident-bearer, and the brow of Jove,
Whose grandeur glorified your proud abodes?
Where fouler forms hid in the neighb'ring grove?
The singers, where? and the gay choir that tim'd
The timbrels on their breast?
And they, whose loóse hair, widely streaming, breath'd
Fresh fragrance, as the floatings of their vest
In dance at solemn feast, like shadows, wreath'd
The giant columns? Where the hallow'd pomp
Of sacrifice, the victim, and the priest,
Who, when the offerings on the altar blaz'd,
Look'd down with fate's stern eye, and inly gaz'd
On doom'd futurity, while yet the beast
Reek'd in warm blood, and palpitating life
Throbb'd underneath the knife?
Gone are they—and ye too, proud fanes! who view'd
Throughout their wide vicissitude
The birth-day, and the death of ages past,
While suns and mutable moons their courses roll'd,
Till the gray world wax'd old:
Ye, who, regardless of the thunder's blast,
Unto the whirlwind say, and gathering storm,
That your colossal form

Shall o'er times yet unborn its shadow cast:
Oh! that ye too had fall'n, and found your grave
In th' earthquake's fathomless cave,
Ere that, un'wares, some hapless traveller,
By science led, and love of antique lore,
Your relics to explore;
Who, awe-struck, half a worshipper, had bent,
O'er each religious monument;
And now had gather'd, as from Nature's tomb,
One last memorial of his toil,
A Pæstan rose, twice-crown'd with yearly bloom,
To grace his native soil,
Had perish'd by the dark assassin's hand
Beneath the temple's gloom.
So, so to leave, far from his father-land,
His bones unblest on your abandon'd shore,
To whiten in the suns that bleach your strand,
Long as your temple lasts—till time shall be no more.

NAPLES.

"Rest, wanderer! rest—all nature sleeps:
'Tis noontide's slumberous hour.
On the parch'd earth no insect creeps,
No serpent stirs the bow'r:
And curtain'd in the blushing rose,
The bees their wearied wings repose.

The bird, at rest, forgets her song,
No cloud through heav'n's blue zone
Strays, while the noon-sun moves along,
And walks in light alone:
A quiet stills the world of waves,
And sea-nymphs sleep in coral caves.

Here lay thee in my lap to rest
While lazy suns wheel by,
There dream of her thou fanciest,
And wake, and find her nigh:

And I will lead thee to a grove
Where hangs a lute attun'd by Love.

That lute to me by Love was lent,
Sweet notes, and sad, there dwell:
Sweet as his voice that wins assent,
Sad as his breath'd farewell:
Yet—in its sadness, moving more
Than all that won thy smile before."

Cease, Syren! cease thy song!—Thy witcheries sweet
No more shall lure me to thy native main:
No more, Parthenope, thy haunts detain
My slow-receding feet.
Yet while I breathe farewell, beam on my sight,
Beam on me yet, fair scene, surpassing fair!
Soon, like a vision wove of air,
In transient colours bright,
A vision, that before the orb of day
Melts into liquid light:
Thus wilt thou glide, evanishing away
In thy clear heav'n's blue distance.—Beauteous scene,
Beam on me yet!—Too swiftly speeds the hour,

When I no more the fragrance shall inhale
That gives to every gale
The breathing of the south—the orange bow'r.
Already Time has wav'd the wing,
Under whose darksomé covering
I shall no more behold
Yon gray rocks, nor the green and gilded isles
Where the broad sun-light smiles:
Nor Chiaia's groves, that, as their branches sweep
Along the slumber of thé Syren bay,
Confuse their image in the glassy deep:
Nor on Vesuvio's height
The pillar'd cloud by day,
Nor eminent afar the shaft of fire by night.

I shall no more behold Misenum's crest,
That high o'er ocean lifts its thirsty brow,
While ceaselessly below
The white waves curl their fleece around its breast:
Nor where bright sun-beams in perpetual rest
Sleep on Sorrento's cliff: nor e'er again
View Caprea's craggy outline, bleak and bare,
Heave its huge sweep, and, mid-way, meet the storm,
Lest wind or wave unkind the Syren bay deform.

I shall no more behold the smooth descent
Of Somma, where the burning mountain throws
The shadow of its cone in noon repose;
Nor beechen groves, that from the blazing sky
Shelter the hermit on Camaldoli:
Nor daylight die in Pausilippo's gloom:
Nor hail, 'mid purple vines, the hallow'd seat
Where yet the Muses meet
Beneath th' o'ershadowing bay that crowns their
Maro's tomb.

If never more beneath that shade
I muse, in blissful vision laid:
If never more, at Day's decline,
By Chiaia's groves, and Mergelline,
I lonely seek that hallow'd spot:
Here live—by me forgotten not—
That peaceful eve—the last—the last—
When 'mid those blooming bow'rs I past.
So shall that scene, on fancy's wing
My woodland wilds revisiting,
Breathe o'er my haunt a charm, of pow'r
To solace life's declining hour.

The sun in splendor had retir'd,
And brighter flames Vesuvius fir'd,

Far Ischia's peak was bath'd in stream
Of purple from the evening beam,
While many an isle beneath its height
Sank slowly fading into night:
No cloud pass'd o'er the clear blue sky,
No star, save Hesper, gliding by,
Nor wav'd a leaf on flow'r and tree,
Nor ripple cross'd the slumberous sea:
Nor sound more harsh in æther heard
Than trilling of the love-lorn bird.
So calm that eve, so sweet that scene,
When last I went o'er Mergelline:
And, as within that haunted gloom
I pass'd, and bent o'er Maro's tomb,
I heard a voice, that seem'd to say,
" Stranger! who dar'dst in youthful year
" Attune to Britain's ear
" The reed that Tityrus blew, here, rest thy way!
" Rest, where the pastoral gods came list'ning to his
" lay.

" The Bard, at gray of dawn,
" View'd in yon velvet lawn
" The wood-nymphs dancing on the dewy blade:
" And sometimes Pan was seen
" Winding the choir between:

" Or stretch'd, in noontide sleep, beneath yon
" shade,
" Where Solitude and Silence watch'd around,
" Nor Echo dar'd prolong the whisper of a sound.

" Oft, when the winds were still,
" On yon flow'r-gemmed hill
" An Oread stood, deserting his bleak mountain:
" Each tree a Dryad bred;
" And where the rivulet spread,
" From a pure urn a Naiad fed her fountain,
" And if th' unhallow'd stranger ventur'd nigh,
" Veil'd in a wreath of foam, sank from his daring
" eye.

" And oft a voice was heard,
" More sweet than vernal bird,
" Song of a Nymph some blooming boy beguiling:
" And when, bow'd o'er the brink,
" He hung, her words to drink,
" An arm more white than snow, with amorous
" wiling,
" Entic'd him to her crystal cave profound,
" Whence ne'er again on earth his foot's light print
" was found."

Let me once more around the silent bay
Of Baia wind my way,
And idly rest the interrupted oar
That sheds its brine drops on the sculptur'd stone,
And wrecks that pave the shore,
With glossy sea-sedge and smooth weeds o'ergrown:
Nor seldom, as it dips beneath the main,
On the rent palace strikes, and prostrate fane:
Such as, 'tis said, the seaman has descried
At times beneath the tide:
And told of Nereids, in their amber cave,
That still frequent that wave:
And monsters of the deep, that make their home
Where Cæsars deign'd with revellers reside,
And, diadem'd with flow'rs, forgot the world, and
Rome.

Thou cool reviving hour!
Nurse of awaken'd thought, return again:
That I may feel thy spirit-stirring pow'r,
Thy freshness on that main,
That silent sea, which slumber'd motionless,
The while I sought th' Elysian glades,
To lie at noon in sweet forgetfulness,
'Mid unembodied shades.

Return! lo! twilight dim
Has pal'd the horizon's rim,
And Phœbus sinks in Amphitrite's bow'r.
Breathe thou again the vesper hymn
Of nature on the rising gale:
And fill again the swell of sail,
While, fearlessly, the helmsman joys to weave
From isle to isle my way beneath the star of eve.

Shall I no more, with gradual foot-step slow,
Wind up the deep ascent,
And, resting on St. Elmo's battlement,
Behold a paradise beneath me lie,
A region of fertility,
Earth, one bright garden, one bright lake the sea:
And hear the while, soft blended from below,
From thousands and ten thousands, round me flow
One voice, that ever with the breeze upsent,
Comes mingling with the murmur of the main,
And swells upon the ear like a melodious strain?

What tho', ere long, on Britain's guardian main
I hail the cliffs of Freedom's sacred earth;
And with glad foot revisiting again
The spot that gave me birth,

Repose my wanderings in the woodland plain:
What tho' ere long, from life's loud din aloof,
In the still haunt where peace descends to dwell,
Beneath her wing, that shades my household roof,
I bid the world farewell:
And tho' that household roof be doubly dear,
Because its threshold has so long been strange;
And tho' I would not one home-smile exchange
For ceaseless summer, and th' Italian year,
And all Ausonia's range:
Yet—Albion! when thy sullen mists roll by,
And, like a sea of foam, thy vapour sweeps
O'er the dim earth, and from thy summer cloud
Bleak winds descend, and drizzly Autumn weeps,
Mildewing the harvest as the ears unfold:
How may I then the azure heav'n forget?
How—not those suns regret,
That rise, and rest in gold:
And upward draw the soft ethereal haze,
Which, as it melts away in liquid light,
The burning of the sultry beam allays,
And casts a magic colour on the sight,
That softens into union hill and dale,
And between heav'n and earth spreads its translucent veil?
The dream will linger on the blest champain,

From hill to hill where groves of olive grew,
O'er which the grape her purple clusters threw:
While earth beneath wide wav'd with billowy grain:
And all around the golden orange glow'd
On bow'rs, beneath whose bloom the waveless ocean
flow'd.

Yet—beauteous as thou art, ah! happier far
Had'st thou less lovely been, Parthenope!
Ah! happier far for thee,
Had'st thou less lovely been, or that kind heav'n
Had with the gift of fatal beauty giv'n
Thy sons the spirit and the arm in war
To quell th' invader.—But thou still hast bent
To each bold suitor, and resign'd thy charms,
Like her, the peerless Fair,
Who drew brave knights to solemn tournament
And mortal strife in arms,
Her hand the prize—thus, hast thou, Syren! stood
Aloof from perilous combating:
And when the conqueror came from fields of blood,
Unhelmeted his brow, and kiss'd the ring
That fetter'd thee to conquest—each, in turn,
Each, of thy charms in turn possest,
Forgot the battle on thy breast:—
Rome, and the Goth, and they who bore
Fierce war from Odin's icy shore:

And they who, sprung from Otho's stem,
Circled th' imperial diadem:
And he who round his helmet wreath'd
The rose, whose sweets of Provence breath'd,
Whose steed on Benevento's plain
Waded in blood o'er Manfred slain,
And crush'd the flow'r of Swabia's line,
On thy pale brow, young Conradine.

Bow down beneath the despot's yoke,
Thou, whose rang'd host, when Freedom call'd,
Ere yet the shock of arms their battle broke,
Fled from Rieti's shore: fled back appall'd,
To slumber where their sires had slept,
And the upbraiding woman wept
O'er her man-child's ill-fated birth:
Born to bow down his front sublime,
Low-levell'd with the dust of earth:
A criminal, without a crime:
To live and die a branded slave,
Nor find in death a freeman's grave.
So shall she weep, while yon bright sky
Retains its azure brilliancy;
While heav'n outspreads her sheltering roof,
And robes her with its sunny woof:

Till nature shall no longer yield
Fresh harvests from the untill'd field:
Till the ripe chestnut cease to shed
On earth's full lap th' unpurchas'd bread:
Till the gold fruit its feast decline,
Nor swells a grape with pendent wine:
Till on the mount the snowy flake
Fail her summer thirst to slake:
Till elements of sterner mould,
Suns dark with clouds, earth clos'd with cold,
That brace the native of the north,
Force, by kind harshness, manhood forth,
In Wants chill breast a soul inspire,
And strike from flints the spark of fire.

Once, Naples! thou wert free;
And Fortune, as in mockery of thy woe,
Press'd on thy lip, athirst for liberty,
Th' intoxicating chalice, whose o'erflow
Works merciless frenzy.—On, before thee, rode
One, o'er whose brow a nation pois'd a crown,
Wrought by rude hands, worn with continual toil,
And slaves that delv'd the soil.
A mariner's white garb his robe of state,
His canopy the heaven, his audience-throne
'Mid the throng'd market, an unsculptur'd stone,

Where, at his side, th' assessor, Justice, sate:
There, Naples hail'd her choice, her low-born son,
Whose daily task had of the scaly deep
Scant earnings made, and spread his net to dry
In sun-shine, on Amalfi's rocky steep.
The Fisher, thus, like Rome's Rienzi, soar'd:
Thus, each in evil hour,
The idol of a realm, the man ador'd,
A murder'd victim fell, hurl'd from the height of pow'r.
Such Gallia's worshipp'd Chief: he, at whose frown
Earth's fetter'd kings bow'd down,
Ere Britain's arm and lightning stroke
Shiver'd the galling yoke:
And the doom'd exile, where wild billows roar
Around a shipless shore,
On the bleak cliff of a volcanic rock,
Like chain'd Prometheus, in the lightning's blast,
Proudly defying Fate's severest shock,
Breath'd out his last.

Naples! awake! awake!
Each stone whereon thy swarms in sunbeams sleep,
Sprung from the riven womb of central night,
Where'er thou turn'st thy sight,
Round thee thy earth, thy sea, thy every isle

One element of fire.—On yonder brow
The blazing flood, that drank the Deep below,
Tow'r'd in its rage o'er Epomeo's pile;
The blast sulphureous from Agnano flows,
And green Astroni's woods the crater's womb enclose.

Ask of yon palace, round whose marble crest
The sea-winds softly breathe,
On what foundation bas'd, securely rest
The pillars of its strength?—Securely rest!
On Herculaneum—on a sea of fire,
Whose deluge swept the revellers from earth
In madness of their mirth:
Their gods, their arts, their science swept away.
Their winding-sheet a flame; and on their grave,
Where never earth-worm pierc'd the unyielding clay,
And banqueted on death, the lava lay;
Nor aught remain'd for future time to trace
A relic of the race,
Save when relentless toil forc'd up to light
Thro' the rent rock, whose subterranean bed
Dissevers day from night,
The living from the dead,
Th' equestrian statue, and the fire-bound scroll:
Or, where the torrent, as it ceas'd to roll,

Slow hardening on a Hebe's living breast,
In th' eternal stone that beauteous mould imprest.

Naples! awake!
Hast thou not heard of Stabia, and that sage,
Who, when the flame-cloud hung o'er all thy shore,
And lightning flash'd along his lifted oar,
There steer'd his prow: and, questioning the rage
Of the fierce elements that rav'd around,
While Death before him shook his fiery brand,
Sank on the burning sand?

Leave we the horrors of the former age
Grav'd on th' historic page.
Enough what thou hast suffer'd.—Naples! say,
Hast thou not witnessed, thou, in this thy day,
Thy heav'n with flame now vaulted, and anon
With darkness, as the smoke's dense mass roll'd on?
Hast thou not seen Death lift aloft thy shroud,
And in colossal stature reach the sky,
And stand upon the column of the cloud
Whose rest was on thy mount, and from its gloom
Hurl blazing rocks, and launch the lightning down
That clave earth's central womb?
Hast thou not seen the mountain to and fro

Reel, in the rocking of the thunder blast,
And o'er thy plains and populous hamlets cast
A sea of flames, consuming all below,
And Ocean from that sea of flames retire:
While from the ether, canopied with light
Caught from the billowy fire,
A crimson circle fell on far Misenum's height?

And sleep'st thou yet on thy volcanic bed?
Cast off thy bridal robe, Parthenope!
And lay thee in the city of the dead,
And heap her ashes on thy uncrown'd head:
So deprecate thy doom:
Lest Earth should rend, and o'er thy revels close
The unremember'd tomb,
Till Time's slow hand the sepulchre expose,
And thou but rise a stranger to discern
Such as Pompeia views, lone-bending o'er her urn.

Lo! shaking off the dust that veil'd her tombs,
The shroud wherein her buried glory lay,
Pompeia, looking on the light of day,
'Mid living towns her birth-right re-assumes;
And wondering why her sons in exile roam,
Lifts her maternal voice, and calls the wanderer home.

" Return! why stay you? throng this festive gate:
" For you these vaults reserve their hoarded wine;
" Haste to yon forum: heap with gifts this shrine;
" Th' impatient theatres your press await,
" The track your wheel has worn, the car shall greet,
" Tread where each stone retains the pressure of
" your feet.
" Come!"—But no voice yields response—none re-
turn.
Such as thou art, Pompeia was—Behold,
Her portals wide unfold.
Death waits thy coming: and, impatient, graves
The doom of Naples on Pompeia's urn.
Go, where rob'd Luxury drew her train along,
And the lute made more sweet the Lesbian song:
Where breath'd the statue, and the painter's pow'r
Glow'd on her walls, and wanton'd in her bow'r:
Where for her foot, all hues of earth, sea, skies,
Mixed the Mosaic's fairy-paved dies,
Where, for the Chian wine, Greece subtly chas'd
The gemmed chalice that her banquet grac'd:
Go, where Sidonian girls her tap'stry wove,
And Tyre's deep purple ting'd her couch of love:
Go, where the Ocean God her pearls entwin'd,
And wing'd her tribute in with every wind:

Go, where mid dance and song, and pomp and pride,
The mortal cast mortality aside:
There, through the street of tombs, pass on alone.
A thousand and a thousand years had thrown
Their burdens off, since they who rear'd the tomb
Had sunk in sunless gloom.
Yet I beheld, methought, where'er I went,
A living mourner on each monument,
Methought the sculptor shap'd the yielding stone:
So fair each marble sepulchre arose,
So fresh each votive word, where Lamia's wrecks repose.

Yet shall Pompeia pass—her second rise
The spell of her eternity unseal'd:
One hour her force and feebleness reveal'd.
Oh thou! that half emerging into birth,
Half buried in obscurity,
Like Milton's lion, combating with earth,
Strugglest thyself to free;
Thou city of the dead! why woo the light?
Thy life was wedded to sepulchral gloom.
Thy bridal vesture, the dark shroud of night.
The sunbeams that thy radiant courts relume
But glitter on thy tomb.

Already, Time on thee his shafts has sent
Barb'd with each hostile element.
Already, day and night's vicissitude,
Alternately renew'd,
Keen conflict wage—the winds that softly flow,
And heat and cold, the dew-drop and the rain,
Whose freshness robes the plain,
And lends thy lively tints a livelier glow,
Have struck the fatal blow.
Day after day, thy pomp to dust shall turn,
Nor mortal eye again Pompeia's trace discern.

Stranger! haste! no more delay:
Where yet yon vine's blue clusters shed
A living lustre o'er the dead,
Sweep off that ashy mantle light,
And catch the wonders opening bright:
Speed, ere the colours fade away:
Frail as the arch that spans th' ethereal plain,
When on the cloud of eve the sun declining,
And fairer thro' the sever'd tempest shining,
Pencils his image on each drop of rain;
While underneath its sweep, the glist'ning bow'rs
Smile in the dewy light, and shed their diamond show'rs.

Lo, radiant porticos appear,
Halls that painted columns rear,
Courts where central fountains play'd,
Galleries that the noon-sun shade:
Here, Isis' mystic fane, and there
Each marble-structur'd theatre.
What tho' no roof the radiant courts enclose,
Fantastic figures, beaming from below,
Along the rich Mosaic brightly glow:
All that from Raphael's fairy pencil flows
In graceful arabesque the walls adorn,
Wing'd nymphs that float in air, and wind the wreathed horn.

Now a wing'd Zephyr beckons to the sail,
And now, in all the brightness of her smile,
A goddess woos thee to her blissful isle.
Here, fruits bloom forth; there, flow'rs that fear the gale
Drop from their opening bells bright pearls below,
Where sea-things wave their fins, and gambol to and fro.

Amid this splendor! splendor! look again.
Chase not those phantoms vain.

If ever yet unveil'd mortality
Held in the human heart unquestioned pow'r
To claim an awful hour:
If e'er the image of man's sentence, Death,
Chill'd the warm blood, and froze youth's glowing breath,
Look on Pompeia!—None but thou art found
On that sepulchral ground.
The echo of thy solitary tread,
On the worn flint, disturbs with daring sound
The silence of the dead.

How sweet is Silence, when, from worldly din
Free, Fancy shapes her own fair images,
And peoples all the solitude it sees
With the conceptions of the soul within—
Joy's youthful choir, or visions high and holy,
Or soft and soothing forms of patient melancholy!
Not such the silence that inhabits here,
The solitude around Pompeia spread.
I, too, methinks, tomb'd in a nation's bier,
Seem number'd with the dead.
The sun, methinks, has o'er me clos'd his beam,
The last low sigh, the fluttering pulse has ceas'd,
From joy, from woe, from hope, from fear releas'd,
I look on life as a departed dream,

And that already I have reach'd the bourn
Whence foot of mortal man shall never more return.

It is not horror, in unwitness'd gloom,
To bend at times in sorrow o'er the tomb,
And meditate, beneath the churchyard yew,
Whence our light foot instinctively withdrew,
Wing'd with life's freshness: but, when death has been
Familiar with our home, and youth's new scene,
So tempting in its novelty, has lost
Its wonder, and the charm that tempted most
The untried joy: when Time—ourselves unware—
Has, with the auburn, mix'd the silver hair:
And we have wept o'er the funereal earth
Of those whose tear was rapture at our birth:
Of her, on whose maternal breast we hung,
Whose lip first form'd the answer of our tongue:
Of the gay playmate of our youthful year,
Source of our joy, and solace of our tear:
Of the firm friend, whose faith, in peril tried,
Unshaken stood and turn'd the world aside:
And the fair child, on whose sustaining breast,
We, in our second childhood, hop'd to rest:
That haunt, tho' awful, yet in awe, has pow'r
To temper grief, and soothe the mournful hour.

'Tis not as in Pompeia—
At least, a living hand has toll'd the bell,
That to the passing spirit breathes farewell:
At least, the grass there waves, and o'er the dead
Creation has a verdant mantle spread,
And kindly hides, while pass the living by,
The painful image of mortality.
We think on some, who on that bed of rest
Have cast the weight of anguish from their breast:
On some, who on that lenient spot have found
The medicine for the immedicable wound.—
We think on age, who, pillow'd on that bed,
Rests, bow'd with weight of years, th' o'erwearied
head:
We think on those, who, in life's earliest stage,
There clos'd their swift, their sinless pilgrimage,
And pure from earth, whereon they scarce had trod,
Pass'd from a parent's bosom to their God.
And if of happiness, of hope, bereft,
We dwell with one in Death's dark chamber left,
With one, sole lov'd, on whose descending bier
We gaz'd in agony that shed no tear:
And when the unechoing earth, like lead, was flung,
" Dust unto dust," in speechless woe we hung,
While, audibly, o'er the convulsed frame,
Chill as Death's icy grasp a shudder came:

Our heart, unsever'd, haunts that hallow'd ground,
There the lone vestige of our footstep found,
There breath'd the pray'r, in that still spot to rest
Our brow in peace on that beloved breast;
And from that peaceful spot—earth's trial o'er—
In bliss to re-ascend, and part no more.

But in the dust o'er all Pompeia thrown,
None shall their woe, or weight of years lay down:
None on her graves bend o'er a planted flow'r,
More sweet than ever bloom'd on Flora's bow'r.
All, all her race extinct, their memory gone,
There the pale King of Terror dwells alone,
And crushes underneath his iron tread
The chain that links the living and the dead.

FAREWELL TO ITALY.

Realm of the Sun! bright Italy! farewell!
My parting lay receive!
Now, as beneath this waving canopy,
The green leaf purpled by the beam of eve,
On the fern's fragrant bed I lonely lie,
Where one broad oak o'erhangs the haunted well,
And dreams of pleasures past in summer woodlands
dwell.

Haunts of my childhood! and thou, lone retreat,
'Mid these wild woods, rude scenes, for whom I left
Augusta's festive seat!
I come in your still sanctuary once more,
To dedicate my summer holiday,
As oft in years of yore,
To Peace, that builds her cell in solitude.
So might I, haply, charm awhile away
Thoughts unsubdued:

Unquiet thoughts, that no festivities,
Nor dream from haunted well, or charmed wood,
Can from the soul dissever. Rise! arise,
Vision of Italy! and thou, my lay,
Go from these forest glades,
These solitary shades,
To bright Italia's realm pursue thy way:
If aught of northern clime,
Rude as my artless rhyme,
With kindly greeting may her gifts repay,
To bright Italia's realm pursue thy destin'd way.

Tell her, tho' many a moon has past
With lingering grief o'ercast,
And woe eclips'd the sun and summer day,
Since that delightful hour
I breath'd the fragrance of th' Hesperian bow'r:
Her voice, her viol, mute,
Untouch'd the witching lute,
That drew the moonbeam to the Syren main:
Tho' nought now round me heard,
Save the self-echoing bird,
Or bleat of the shy doe that bounds along the plain:
Yet—when I raise to Saturn's realm the strain,
The voice, the lute, the moon, the Syren sea,

And each enchanting scene
Of glen and valley green,
And wreathings of the crystal waterfall,
And all of fruit and flow'r
That robes th' Italian bow'r,
In vision round these wilds her paradise recall.

Tell her, again I feel
The transport of that moment, when, at first
Freed from tempestuous Simplon's gloom profound,
And earth in ice-chain bound,
From hail-stones and the frozen gale I burst,
And view'd the purple cluster wreath'd
Round green Dovredo's brow,
And felt, from opening paradise below,
Airs that of Eden breath'd;
The while I pass'd two different worlds between,
Beholding either scene:
Behind me, lay
Winter with all his storms, with all his night:
Before my way
Summer, with all her pomp, with all her light:
Italia's sun, in summer's noontide glow,
Beam'd on a world, where, visibly imprest,
The glory of its Maker seem'd to rest:
A world without a woe.

Go, thou, my lay! salute the Alpine height,
On whose ice-throne the golden orb of day,
With ineffectual ray,
Looks, wondering, down: and bids the earth behold,
And all of mortal mould,
Their Maker in the marvels of his might,
The God Creator.—Ye, whose race reside
In peace on pleasant places, where free rills
Feed the green vales, or down the pastur'd hills
In tuneful murmurs glide:
And ye, 'mid pomp of cities, that abide
Where rivers, rolling thro' the marble arch,
Pursue their stately march,
And with your treasures freight th' encumber'd tide:
Deem not that yonder mountains but uphold
A theatre, for Nature to display
Her grandeur, when the mists of Morn unfold,
And the young Day walks on the rocks in gold:
Or when a diadem of roseate glow
Circles their monarch's crest,
To bid at eve the wearied sunbeams rest,
And wreathe their radiance round th' eternal snow,
While darkness hides the giant Alps below.

Let others, labouring up the steep ascent
With wearied footstep slow,

Envy the lonely Chalet, where content
Dwells with the mountain boy, whose Alpine note
So wild, so sweet, at twilight heard to float,
Where the free herd wind, pasturing, to and fro
Thro' ice-crown'd vales, the wanderer recalls,
Home-caroling the way 'mid crystal waterfalls.
Let the adventurous native scale the crest
That guards the geyer's nest:
Or search the haunt where lone, 'mid realms of snow,
The chamois lurks: and oft, a voice, a word,
A breathing by the watchful avalanche heard,
Hurls swoln destruction on a world below.
Let others on Mont-Blanc's sublimity,
At noon-tide, underneath the sunbeams, stand,
In speechless awe, and view the heav'n expand,
And, 'mid the host that gem the blue, blue sky,
Trace in their course the planets, one by one,
Wheel round the central sun.
Thou, on that eminence, that ice-crown'd stone,
Whose granite base is sepulchred in night,
Adore thy Maker's might.

Thron'd on Mont-Blanc, on Europe's topmost stone,
A minist'ring servant of Omnipotence,

Winter reigns alone:
And as th' Etesian gales o'er ocean blow,
And clouds on clouds, o'ershadowing, as they roll,
The realm's outstretch'd below,
Bear the wing'd waters to their destin'd goal,
With his petrific sceptre stays their flight:
And compassing the Alps with icy belt,
Draws from the marble ether thickly down
The frozen flood:—Meanwhile, from fathomless snows
That 'neath th' eternal congelations melt,
Ceaselessly, day and night, without repose,
Vast waters flow, and bursting into day,
Boldly through ice-built arches force their way,
'Mid cavernous rocks: and as they onward sweep,
Majestic in the fulness of their might,
Down the worn channels to their parent deep,
'Mid realms of life and light,
New robe the purple hill, the grove, the plain,
And make earth's shouting bed a sea of golden grain.

Thus Nature lives perpetually renew'd.
Th' Etesian gales, the mountain, and the main
Link her connected chain.

One aim, one end, thro' all alike pursu'd:
One—the Creator God—in each vicissitude.

Resistless Adige! thou, whose torrent force
Cleaves the Tyrolian mountain's barrier chain:
And thou, Eridanus! whose length of course
From its ice-cradle, on the Alpine brow,
Wide-wand'ring to and fro,
Looks down on the luxuriance of the plain,
Where Labour, with Briarean hands,
Guardian of the region, stands,
Mound heaps on mound, and loftier rears
The rampart of a thousand years,
To stem th' invading floods:—Ye too, ye lakes!
Who spread your mirror to the orb of day:
Whose nectar draught th' o'er-wearied pilgrim slakes:
Whether the fresh springs from their flinty cave
Feed your translucent wave:
Or snow-floods, deluging the vales, outspread
Th' exuberant waters on your level bed:
Ye cool and crystal lakes! receive my farewell lay!—
Como and Alban, and the princely-isl'd,
Proud Borromee! ye, on your liquid glass,
Who view'd beneath a sun that ceaseless smil'd,

My slow sail pass,
As if its lingering shadow fain would rest
On your unheaving breast:
And Garda, on whose margin bloom the trees,
The garden of th' Hesperides,
Whose high-arch'd groves, of golden glow,
Seem'd rising from the flood below:
While not a Zephyr stirr'd to wake
The sleep that lay upon the lake;
Or with a touch, too rude, confuse
Tints that outrivall'd nature's hues:—
Thou too, whose loveliness awhile detain'd
My charmed footstep on that fairest morn,
Of sun and summer born,
Thy silent water, silver Thrasymene!
Thou, in thy rest, so pure, so peaceful, seen:
As if no Punic war-hoof ere had trod
Thy flow'r-enamell'd sod;
Nor taint of Roman blood e'er stain'd thy crystal sheen.

Thou, last, thou midland main,
Tuscan and Adrian, hear my farewell strain!
Tho' tempests lash thy billows; tho', at times,
'Tis said, that when the mountains have sent forth
A voice, and rous'd the spirit of the storm,
From thy profound abyss a pillar'd form

Has ris'n, and to the thunder's roar replied,
And midway met the column of the cloud,
Incumbent on the billows raging wide,
And launch'd the lightning from its riven shroud,
Spouting the torrent tide:
But thou, oh, midland main!
Whene'er my willing foot approach'd thy shore,
Wert rob'd in loveliness: and, evermore,
Thy voice—if voice ere heard—
Mild as the murmur of the halcyon bird,
That broods on thy charm'd billow: and the light,
That in its quivering radiance from thee broke,
Unlike the fire-bolt's fitful stroke,
From thousand and ten thousand sunbeams glanc'd,
As wave pursuing wave,
In wreathed smiles innumerable, danc'd,
Brush'd by the Zephyr's wing.—Such wert thou seen,
So bright that sea, when from Sorrento's steep,
At daybreak, while the rosy-finger'd dawn
From nature had the silvery veil withdrawn,
I view'd, where Ocean lay in silent sleep,
The Syren's verdant isle—the Emerald of the Deep.

But lovelier far that sea which woo'd my way
To Spezzia's myrtle bay:

When Genoa the superb, her Pharos' tow'r,
That blaz'd on the commanding cliff, and lit
Afar the smooth sea-line;
Her marble terraces, and each fair bow'r
That, like enchantment, bloom'd her rocks between,
And palaces that regal domes outshine,
Had gradual sank from sight;
Nor gleam'd from my felucca, lamp, or light,
Lest its attractive ray, at distance seen
In that still summer night,
Might haply lure the lurking Algerine!
And when the night-breeze died, no sound e'er came
Along the deep serene,
Save when at times the outstretch of the oar,
That round me show'r'd large drops of liquid flame,
Struck on the rocky shore,
Where tow'r'd, to meet the moon, Liguria's mountains hoar.

These may from memory pass,
The Syren isle at day-spring, and at noon
Bright Venice pictur'd in her liquid glass,
The sea without a wave,
Her cradle—and her glory—and her grave:
But never more from Memory's mirror bright
Shall fade away thy charm, thou blue-rob'd main!

That fix'd me, spell-bound, on Bocchetta's height:
When first I saw thy world of living light
In all its splendour glow:
While o'er Liguria's cliffs unseen below
The westering orb of day, that downward roll'd,
Slow in dilating majesty descended,
Till where the heav'n and sea their boundaries blended,
It burst their crimson zone, and plung'd 'mid waves of gold.

Yet—more attractive than all, loveliest seen
From steep Bocchetta's mountain hoar,
Or on the Alban lake, or Thrasymene;
And, to the musing spirit, more sublime
Than Terni's rush and roar:
Or palm-trees, in the pride of Syria's clime,
Cresting the radiant rock of Terracine:
Th' "Eternal City" tow'rs my sight before,
And the rapt vision rests on Tyber's hallow'd shore.

Again I gaze on Rome; again behold
The broad sun burst from crimson glow
On lone Soracte's crest of snow,
Or wheel around the dome his car of gold:
Or robe with purple light,
The far Campagna fading into night:

And still, where'er incline my lonely way
Thro' dark woods, or along the sunny glade,
Or on the pebbly beach where sea-maids play:
Above the mountains of my native land
Rome's sev'n-thron'd hills arise;
And thro' the gloom of Albion's clouded skies,
Her gold sun, and blue element, expand:
And all that breathes of Rome,
Rent arch, and ruin'd fane, and swelling dome,
The sparkling fountain, and the orange grove,
Around me seem to move:
Shrill rings her ilex 'mid my native trees,
And slow her cypress bends, sway'd by the passing breeze.

Ah! never will the hour of after-time,
Tho' gliding peaceful by,
Present a scene so sweet to Fancy's eye,
Or breathe a sound so sweet to Fancy's ear,
As that I wont to hear,
When at still summer eve's delightful close,
Amid colossal wrecks I lonely stood,
Relumining the glory,
Of Rome's immortal story,
By the pale gleaming of her yellow flood,
While slowly, waking from its long repose,
The voice of ages past from Tyber's flow arose.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

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WRITTEN

IN

VIRGIL'S TOMB.

Not in fond dream of fancy, Bard divine!
I bring this laurel branch, that wav'd aloof,
Sweeping the sunbeam from thy funeral roof;
But—as a votary at the Delphic shrine,
Hid from the world in this sepulchral gloom,
I wreathe th' unfading leaf, and wind around thy tomb.

Thy tomb! how void! how wildly desolate!
In this neglected spot no urn remains,
No relic that a trace of thee retains:
Thee, whose bold song could world's unseen create,
And to the shadowy forms of Fancy gave
Life and perpetual youth, that ne'er shall know the grave.

But tho' thy urn repose no longer here,
Be mine to muse on thy funereal mould,
And with thy spirit high communion hold:
And 'mid the scenes that tranc'd thy youthful year,
Invoke the local Genius of the cave,
And the sweet sylvan muse that haunts her Virgil's grave.

Beneath yon rock, with gadding flow'rs o'erhung,
The Pastoral Muse to thee her reed-pipe gave,
And by the gushing fount, in grot and cave,
Taught thee each note that leads her choir along:—
Pan leap'd exultant from meridian sleep,
And Nymphs that haunt the cliff rush'd, giddy, down the steep.

Anon, a deeper sound: it shook the wreath
That, by fair Egle's wily finger bound,
Enchain'd Silenus, stretch'd in sleep profound:
It told how Nature heav'd the strife beneath,
When Night and Chaos, in primeval birth,
Fled from the sun's new beam that rob'd with flow'rs the earth.

But when thy lip held dalliance with the reed,
Or, silencing the rude Ascrean strain,
Taught how the golden harvest glads the plain,
Forms all unwonted to the shepherd's weed,
In awful vision pass'd before thy sight,
Beneath th' o'ershadowing veil that dimm'd their wondrous light.

While round thee, flaming with idolatry,
Rose images of gods, who, thron'd above,
Pledg'd nectar from the Hebe cup of Jove;
While thro' the air wing'd Zephyrs wanton'd by,
And a coy Sea-nymph, floating on the main,
Hung o'er the charmed wave to hear a Syren's strain:

And every fount, green hill, and cave enshrin'd
A guardian pow'r, and round their votive fane
Fauns, and fleet Dryads, and light Oread train,
Toss'd in wild trance their tresses on the wind;
And Iris, on her sun-built arch aloof,
Drew from Light's sever'd rays her many-colour'd woof:

Thou, in yon orbs that wheel in living flame,
In all that wing the air, or range the earth,

Or heave the sea with multitude of birth,
One unseen Godhead hail'dst, in all the same,
One in each change, who made and moves the whole,
One, the unmade, unmov'd, the universal soul.

Then through thy vision gleam'd celestial fire,
And from a wing that wav'd in light, a ray
Fell on the darkness that on Nature lay,
And chas'd the Pastoral Muse, and all her choir,
While thy bold breathing from her reed-pipe drew
Notes of a higher strain than Pan or Sylvan knew.

The shaggy Satyr to his wood retir'd:
And, hark! a sound as of a Hebrew song,
Seem'd on thy strain its echo to prolong:
Isaiah's breath the shepherd's reed inspir'd,
When the Cumean Maid's prophetic rhyme
Glanc'd on the unborn age, and rent the veil of Time.

Then from the sev'n-crown'd hills a voice uprose,
A voice that, preluding the Roman fame,
Bad thee in verse build up "th' eternal name."
The pipe, that idly play'd with pastoral woes,
Fell from the lip whose breath the war-notes blew,
As Rome in all her pomp burst on thy ravish'd view:

All that Evander to his guest disclos'd,
When lowing herds along the Forum stray'd,
All that the hero on his shield survey'd,
When on its orb Rome's fame and fate repos'd,
And all that peopled the Elysian plain
When age on age swept by, and hail'd th' Augustan reign.

THE CONVENT
OF
THE GREAT ST. BERNARD.

Temple of hallow'd hospitality!
Rear'd on the loftiest height where man dares rest
Beneath the northern sky:
The pilgrim's and lost wanderer's sole retreat
When drifting snow-flakes sweep in tempests by,
And on the mountain's reeling crest
The wintry whirlwinds rock thy ice-ribb'd seat.

Temple of hallow'd hospitality!
How oft, while yet unvisited,
The pow'r that guards thy sanctuary divine
Amid wild Nature's drear sublimity,
From Albion's cliffs my spirit onward led
To hail thy pilgrim shrine.
And still in thee alone, when first I trod
Helvetia's stranger sod,

Tho' many a sweet and many a savage scene
Before me like enchantment rose
Thy Alpine way between,
Alone, thou hallow'd spot, in thee I sought repose.

Swift gleam'd along Helvetia's range
Proud cities and wide wastes, and vallies green,
In ceaseless interchange:
Here, lakes of silver sheen,
There, wild woods climbing up the mountain brow
That crown'd the icy tract,
And in dark glens below
Bright flashes of the rock-born cataract,
Whose fall, at distance heard,
Sent up to summer suns a murmuring flow
Sweet as the liquid trill of Eve's enamour'd bird.—

Broad Leman spread between,
Where the blue Rhone, as from her icy cave
Cleaving the water with a virgin wave,
Flows unpolluted.—Sweet it was to breathe
At noon-tide, on St. Pierre's commanding brow,
Under the oak's broad arms, and view beneath
Still Bienne's pellucid lake, forgetful not
Of him, self-exil'd from the haunts of men,
Who, lost in dreams on that sequester'd spot,

Long summer days consum'd, or wont to float,
All indolent, which way the oarless boat
Veer'd with the wave.—Sublimely wild the views
Where Arve, swift whirling thro' his troubled course,
A flood of torrent force,
Severs the rocks that cast at noon o'er Cluse
Strange gloom, and seem to warn th' alarmed eye
From scenes that, long unknown to stranger sight,
Make all thy vale, romantic Chamouny!
A wonder and delight—
The goatherd, and the shepherd, and their flocks
Pasturing the crags around,
And, bosom'd 'mid the ranges of the rocks,
Cots with their green enclosures, and clear rills
Wandering with pleasant sound:
Groves grac'd with fruit, and fields of golden grain,
That supplicate the sun,
In the brief circle of his summer reign,
To stay the glacier, where, with all his force,
Winter embodying in one mass the snows,
Brood of a thousand years,
Slow, silent, imperceptible on course,
Heaves the ice-lava, and uproots the earth,
Forest, and field, and all their blissful birth,
Inheritance of ages.—Other part
Prone torrents on th' aerial precipice

Chain'd in their fall, and mountains, height on height,
Alp pil'd on Alp, belting the central isle,
The emerald gem set in eternal ice,
Where summer flow'rs 'mid frozen oceans smile:
And eminent o'er all thy range and rise
Mont-Blanc! sun-diadem'd with purple glow,
When all is night below.

Fair was the day, when at midsummer noon,
In verdant Interlachen's walnut bow'rs,
While the broad sun, thro' heav'n's clear azure, roll'd
O'er Thun's blue lake its orb of gold,
Stole unperceiv'd away th' enchanted hours:
Or when, amid the rocks of Lauterbrun,
I listen'd to the lapse and lulling tune
Of the prone rill, that from th' aerial height,
Like the soft sprinkle of an April show'r,
Dropt glittering down in threads of light,
Where Iris in her rainbow dight
Saw floating into upper air
A thousand sisters sporting there:
Or when in veil of mist half seen,
I stood the cliff and rill between,
And watch'd the Zephyr in his play
Brush off with wanton wing the liquid dust away.

Nor these—nor that Salvator glen
The grandeur of stern Meyringhen,
Crags, and wild woods, and rush, and roar
Of cataracts down the riven shore:
No—nor thy Elfine lake, pure Chêde!
A mirror for Titania made,
Yet, on whose glass, in shadow shown,
Mont-Blanc oft views his ice-crown'd throne:
Nor all, half-wistful, half-appall'd,
The stranger sees at Grindelwald,
When the prone avalanche descending,
On eye and ear strange horrors blending,
Bursts on the shiver'd rocks: not these,
Nor what Helvetia proudlier sees,
A spot than Mont-Blanc more sublime,
Where glory to eternal time
On a poor peasant's name shall dwell,
Thine, that shall Alps outlast, thy name, heroic Tell!

I went, 'mid Burglen's sacred walls,
Where Freedom Tell's blest birth recalls;
I went, where Aschemberg ascends,
And with the storm his memory blends,
And guards his fane those rocks among
Where the unfetter'd steersman sprung,

And to the waves and whirling blast
The bark that bore the Tyrant cast:
I went, where Kussnacht's slope declines,
And the Avenger's fame enshrines,
Where he, whose skill the apple clave
On his child's head, and dar'd to save,
Strung with the chord of death his bow,
And strain'd his strength to wing the blow,
That when infuriate Ghessler came,
Quench'd in his heart the shaft of flame:
Tho' these long stay'd my step, thy Alpine height
Tow'r'd ever on my sight,
And still my haunted spirit dwelt on thee,
Temple of Hospitality!

But not thy hallow'd hearth alone,
Nor the sublimity that robes thy crest
Allur'd me to thy rest.
It was the dream of youth, th' empassion'd dream,
The vision at grey dawn, and close of day,
That ceas'd not on my solitary way,
By Avon's mazy stream:
When in blest years of wedded happiness,
Ere my heart bled with wounds till then unknown,
I nurtur'd pleasure at the breast of pain,
With sufferings not my own:

And woo'd the tragic Muse, and feign'd the tale
Of Julian's guilt, nor seem'd alone to feign,
But felt, in simulating deep distress,
The thrilling spark of the electric chain
Connecting woe and pity—Alps uprose
Before me, wheresoe'er the vision led
The victim of remorse: whether, distraught
With guilt, the murderer commun'd with the dead,
With blood in secret shed:
Or where, 'mid glimpses of the moon I caught
His half-evanished form,
When, like the spirit of the midnight storm,
He tow'r'd upon the mount that rock'd and reel'd
While thunders round him peel'd,
And the forkt lightning, as it fir'd the air,
Hiss'd on his sparkling hair.
Or whether by the force of fancy sway'd,
I saw, amid those frozen solitudes,
Where wildly wandering past,
The form of one, in guise a mountain maid,
Who came to breathe her last
Where once in peace her sinless childhood play'd,
And youth, in blushing loveliness array'd,
Like her own Alpine rose,
That on the margin of its icy bed
More sweet, more beauteous, grows,

Tempted the spoiler: and the spoiler came,
Woo'd, won her, and betray'd.

Accordant to the drama's varying scene,
Alps, their proud crests, and wilderness of snows,
Before my vision rose:
The hallow'd dome enshrin'd the rocks between,
And every feature of the mountain pass,
To travellers on their transient passage shown,
Or by hoar pilgrim known,
As if my life had there familiar been,
Imprest the seal of truth on fiction's shadowy scene.

I saw the seat of stone, the storm-house, there,
Where, day succeeding day,
Each dawn a brother left th' unpurchas'd fare,
Like heav'n-dropt manna on the desert spread,
For the chance wanderer on his toilsome way,
Famish'd and faint: there the sepulchral shed,
Where they, who 'mid the snows had perished,
Lay in the pureness of the icy air,
Where never earth-worm revel'd on decay,
And death forgot his prey,
While the lip seem'd, half-ope, to breathe a pray'r.
There the twin convent, each, a barrier rock
To stand the tempest's shock:

The frozen garden, and half-liquid lake
At noon of summer sun, sheeted with snowy flake.

But, vain my cherish'd wish: long years went by,
Ere on the mountain pass my way had been;
Ere other than the mind's internal eye
Dwelt on the Alpine scene:
Ere yet the avalanche on th' aerial brow,
Gathering destruction on its prone career,
Burst back in distant thunder on the ear:
Ere yet I saw the floods, that roll'd in night
Beneath unfathom'd snow,
Gush thro' the arch of ice, and leap in light
To glad the world below:
Ere wandering o'er the sea of ice, alone,
I sought a spot where mortal ne'er had trod,
And, awe-struck, 'mid the wonders of his might,
Hail'd the creator God.

War rag'd the while, and round Helvetia cast
His iron barrier: but when Albion rear'd
On Fontarabia's tow'r, o'er rescu'd Spain,
His Lion banner, and in triumph past
Where fell of yore the flow'r of Charlemain,
The Paladins at Ronceval,
And with the arm that subjugated Gaul

To Peace the altar rear'd: in that blest hour,
When the Alpine boy beside the water-fall,
Whose stream so late with death had purple run,
Sang idly in the sun:
Or round the broad-horn'd leader of his herd,
Wreath'd the wild mountain flow'r:
When the grape glow'd on Autumn's jocund bow'r,
I rang'd Helvetia's realm: and with firm tread,
As 'mid her mountains bred
Prest wistful on, and left behind
Each haunt that shelters human kind,
Town, hamlet, cot, and chalet roof
Perch'd on the mount's green slope aloof,
Woods, where the oak and chestnut blend,
Or beechen belts the storm defend,
Wastes where the larch begins to fail,
Nor birch bends, quivering, in the gale;
Or where the o'erwearied eye pursu'd
Th' unfeatur'd face of Solitude:
Where flow'r ne'er gems the spring with bloom,
Where summer suns no fruit illume,
Nor sere leaf gilds the autumnal tree;
All—winter:—all—sterility.
Yet 'mid the windings of the rocky steep,
Where icy tempests sweep,

Fresh vigour grew from fresh delight,
As each known scene, that oft had fancy fed,
Successive rose on sight.
There, was the sheltering storm-house, there, the shed
Where sleep embalm'd the dead,
There, the twin convents, each a barrier rock
To stand the tempest shock;
The garden mockery, and the glassy lake,
Where, as when burst the snow-mass on its prey,
Half-tomb'd beneath the frozen flake,
The Convent Dog, long dead, upgazing lay,
And seem'd in act to spring, and toss the snows away.

EPITAPH

ON

A DOG,

OF THE CONVENT OF THE GREAT ST. BERNARD,
HALF BURIED IN THE FROZEN LAKE,
BY THE SUDDEN FALL OF AN AVALANCHE.

Friend of Mankind! thy service done,
Rise thou no more from troubled rest!

Nor, watchful of the setting sun,
Where Pilgrims wander widely quest,
As if their sufferings were thy own,
And thou wert born for man alone.

Thou, never more, when raves the wind,
Shalt o'er the Alps thy master guide:
No more, when drifting snow flakes blind,
Shalt turn his step from death aside,
Hang on his hand, and woo him back
While instinct yet retains the track.

Thou ne'er again shalt gladly bear,
The panier yok'd thy neck around,
Press on the famish'd lip its fare,
And bring the band to close the wound:
Or with thy healing tongue supply
The balm that lessens agony.

Thou ne'er again, beneath the snows,
Shalt search the cleft, and treacherous cave,
And conscious of sleep's fell repose
Arouse the slumberer from the grave,
And o'er him breathe thy vital breath,
And by thy warmth reclaim from death.

Ah! thou no more shalt homeward bring,
The infant through the frozen air,
And, as with hand half human, ring
The convent bell, nor quit thy care,
Till on the hearth, before the blaze,
Thou on his opening eyelid gaze.

Long on thy loss that hearth shall dwell,
Friend of mankind! farewell! farewell!

Such, (save that faithful animal,
Save that lamented dog, that seem'd to breathe,
At strife with death the ice beneath,)
Such were the scenes by Fancy oft display'd,
In Julian's tale portray'd.
But other, there before me came
Than Julian's tale had wont to frame,
The guides, who, 'mid those mountains rude,
Watch'd, day and night, the solitude.
No floating beard, with years grown gray,
White as the snow that crost their way,
Swept on their breast: no Alpine storm
Had left its traces on their form:
Nor toil, nor woe out pacing age,
Betray'd the sufferer's pilgrimage.

Onward they sped, in life's gay morn,
Like twins of happiest parents born:
Scarce yet had manhood 'gan invade
Their cheek, suffus'd with downy shade,
But life in all its freshness bloom'd,
And beauty glow'd, by health illum'd.

They, as their wont, upon the Alpine brow
That gaz'd on all below,
Intent on watch, had seen me on my way:
And down the mountain's rapid side,
Sped, o'er pathless snows to guide,
Ere plung'd in sudden night sank the broad orb of day.

Oh! could you doubt their kindness? could you doubt
Their transport, when they clasp'd a stranger's hand,
And to the wearied traveller pointing out
The convent's long-sought seat,
Prest him with welcome salutation bland
There to repose, and in that still retreat
Claim shelter from the bleak and bitter sky,
Claim home and hospitality.

Oh! if you doubt their transport, think on these
Who, from their cradled childhood, dedicate
To serve the priestly state
In dull observances, and formal rites,
That never knew repose,
Had past long listless days, and sleepless nights,
Where o'er their brow the cloister's gloom,
Had clos'd the living tomb,
Stealing from youth the blossom of its May,
Its sprightliness away:
Who now new-born to natural happiness,
Mid scenes of dire distress,
In the first lesson of the heart,
In sympathies divinely taught,
Felt what awaken'd energies impart
To swell exalted thought:
When, like twin eaglets, that on new fledg'd wing
Cleave the pure ether, revelling,
They drank the spirit of th' untainted wind,
That, not to them unkind,
New brac'd their vigour, and new nerv'd their frame,
To mate their heav'n rais'd aim,
To glorify their God in serving humankind.

They led me to the convent's open gate,
Where the undying fire lost strength restor'd:
They led me to the hospitable board,
Where, amid stranger guests, the Prior sate:
A man of years sedate,
Of reverend aspect, and commanding mein;
Yet courteous, as if wont to festival
Where lords and ladies grac'd the banquet hall,
His way of life had been.

Nor was it undelightful so to hear
In that sequester'd place,
Far from the dwelling of man's cultur'd race,
Fit converse suited to engage the ear
Of learned lore: such as the Prior spake:
Whose clear and gifted sense,
Might well th' attracted spirit captive take
With easy flow of natural eloquence.
For not his voice alone
Dwelt on distress, on those who perish'd there:
The stranger, and the native mountaineer,
Who in his rash career
Had chas'd from dawn till dark, o'er seas of glass,
The chamois to his solitude,
And scal'd the snows, and on their frozen mass
Hung, till it burst beneath him—not alone

Glanc'd on high-lineag'd dames, and men renown'd,
Who there had refuge found:
But communing with hoar antiquity,
And wrecks long lingering on the rocks above,
Told how the demon of idolatry
There hail'd the Pennine Jove:
And, of a later age, held learn'd discourse,
Of him of Carthage, whether o'er that mount
Or one of kindred name, his gather'd force
Toil'd, conquering nature, as her strength oppos'd,
And death the ice gates clos'd.
And at the closing of that transient hour,
I heard him, pondering on heav'n's will, recall
Him, his mail'd guest, that sterner Hannibal,
Who, from his war-rais'd throne, a god in pow'r,
Dol'd out the world—the Titan of our day—
The worshipped of Gaul:
Who like a meteor down the mountains past,
While on before him, heralds of his way,
Fame went and fell dismay,
Deep'ning the roar of thunder on the blast,
Ere on Marengo's plain death rang'd his war-array.

So past that eve.
Years since have past: but ne'er has memory ceas'd
Of thee, saint-founded residence! to weave

Unearthly visions, and recall that rest
Which more than sooth'd th' o'er-wearied limbs; that rest
Which sooth'd the soul: when, ere to sleep resign'd,
In the still peace and sanctuary of the roof
Where Faith, where Hope, where Charity abide,
I call'd from Heav'n fresh blessings on the blest,
The prior, and his brethren, and each guide,
Who, reckless of the raging elements,
Hear a celestial voice in every wind,
And glorify their God in serving humankind.

MONT-BLANC.*

Once more, thou Vision! rob'd in light,
Illume thy mountain throne,
Float in soft flame before my sight,
And wreathe thy triple zone.—
Again diffuse th' ethereal glow
That rested on th' eternal snow,
The band of fire, the roseate hue
That round each rival zone unearthly splendour drew.

Give me the wings that bear the wind
To speed at will my flight,
And leaving earth's low realms behind
To gain yon Alpine height:

* As seen by the Author from St. Martin, on the evening of September 2, 1816.

There to my gaze, on either side,
Let oceans pour their changeful tide,
And populous regions fill the scene,
And, tow'ring in their strength, proud cities gleam
between:

Then, in that dark, dark depth of sky,
At noon-day, one by one,
Flame the bright planets wheeling by,
And world's beyond the sun:
Yet, nor the regions spreading wide,
Far seas, or cities' tow'ring pride,
Or Night's fair host at noon of day,
Would from my wondering view thy vision charm
away.

Art thou a gleam of worlds more fair
Than meet the mortal eye,
Where forms that float in purer air
Illume a brighter sky?
Or say'st thou to the sons of earth,
" When Eden bow'rs first hail'd thy birth,
" Such the bright zone that fenc'd thee round,
" Ere Sin unbarr'd the gate, and Death had entrance
" found?"

Not such array the Nymphs of Morn,
Who hand in hand advance,
Guide thro' heav'n's arch the sun new born,
And weave in air their dance:
Nor when at eve one lonely star
Leads his prone steeds, and westering car,
Such the bright robes around him roll'd,
Tho' each empurpled cloud float o'er a wave of gold.

Thou beauteous, strange, unquivering light!
I saw thee travelling slow,
And, ere the sun had sunk in night,
Pass many a mountain brow:
As if, disdainful there to stay,
Thou went'st, commission'd, on thy way,
To diadem a loftier crest,
And gathering there thy strength, awhile in glory rest.

Amid yon mountains far descried,
With ice eternal crown'd,
'Mid glaciers spreading far and wide
A frozen ocean round,
'Mid floods that from unfathom'd caves
Sent up the voice of viewless waves,

Where at the thunder's awful peal
Th' o'erbeetling avalanche bursts, and rocks beneath
it reel:

'Mid these, that spake Jehovah's might,
Where Nature felt her God,
My spirit wing'd a loftier flight,
My foot devoutlier trod,
Than where ambitious Art display'd
Her pomp, her pillar'd colonnade,
And Genius, 'mid adoring Rome,
Earth's stateliest temple crown'd, and pois'd in air
the dome.

MERGELLINE.

ON THE BIRTH OF

CAPTAIN CLIFFORD'S DAUGHTER.

NAPLES—MARCH 5, 1817.

FAIR Infant! born in happiest hour,
In Nature's loveliest clime,
Where winter culls the summer flow'r,
And bud of vernal prime,
And halcyons on the sunny wave
Their floating feathers smoothly lave;

Where every breath we joy to breathe
Inhales the orange bloom,
And every weed the foot beneath
Betrays the press'd perfume,
And heav'n, in richest livery drest,
O'er ocean spreads her rainbow vest:

Fair Child! o'er thee the Muse shall bend,
And breathe her warmest vow,
A separate charm each Syren lend,
To grace thy gifted brow,
And name thee, as they hail the scene,
Their own, their fav'rite Mergelline.

TO

THE CARDINAL MINISTER

CONSALVI.

ROME—MAY 22, 1817.

THOU, whose unyielding hand the fetter broke,
Thou, at whose foot the riven chain yet rings,
That link'd the might and majesty* of kings
To Guilt's proud brow and Murder's hireling yoke:
Rome round thy front her civic garland binds.
Yet, tho' no longer pointing to the slain,
The grim assassin barters blood for gain,
Basks in the light of day, and taints the winds
With scent of death: bold Statesman! firm of soul,
Advance!—not yet thy glorious course is run—
Free yon Tribunal† to the searching sun—
Advance!—there, Justice at th' appointed goal
Shall fix thy guardian image on her shrine,
And Mercy o'er thee wave a wreath divine.

* The suppression of the privileged asylums of the embassadors, the nurseries and shelters of assassination.
† The Inquisition.

ON HEARING OF THE DEATH

OF

FRANCIS HORNER, ESQ. AT PISA.

WRITTEN AT ROME, FEBRUARY 17, 1817.

No, not thy friends alone, whose hearts will bleed,
When the slow sail, long look'd for, now on way,
Shall to the realm that waits thy coming, say,
" Thou never shalt return"—so heav'n decreed:—
Nor those whose blessing bad their first-born,
" Hail:"
Nor yet the brother, who watch'd o'er thy bed,
And tears in unavailing 'tendance shed:
Not these alone;—'tis Britain I bewail.
Patriot! thy arm was stretch'd her realm to save:
Death rush'd between—his hand that smote thee low,
On Britain's reeling column struck the blow,
And bow'd its shatter'd glory o'er thy grave.

A FANCY SKETCH.

I KNEW a gentle maid: I ne'er shall view
Her like again: and yet the vulgar eye
Might pass the charms I trac'd, regardless, by:
For pale her cheek, unmark'd with roseate hue,
Nor beam'd from her mild eye a dazzling glance,
Nor flash'd her nameless graces on the sight:
Yet Beauty never woke such pure delight.
Fine was her form, as Dian's in the dance:
Her voice was music, in her silence dwelt
Expression, every look instinct with thought:
Though oft her mind, by youth to rapture wrought,
Struck forth wild wit, and fancies ever new,
The lightest touch of woe her soul would melt:
And on her lips, when gleam'd a lingering smile,
Pity's warm tear gush'd down her cheek the while:
Thy like, thou gentle maid! I ne'er shall view.

ON CROSSING THE
ANGLESEA STRAIT TO BANGOR,
AT MIDNIGHT.

'Twas midnight: from the Druid's gloomy cave,
Where I had wander'd, tranc'd in thought, alone
'Mid Cromlechs, and the Carnedd's funeral stone,
Pensive and slow, I sought the Menai's wave:
Lull'd by the scene, a soothing stillness laid
My soul to rest. O'er Snowdon's cloudless brow
The moon, that full-orb'd rose, with peaceful glow,
Beam'd on the rocks; with many a star array'd
Glitter'd the broad blue sky; from shore to shore,
O'er the smooth current stream'd a silver light,
Save where along the flood the lonely height
Of rocky Penmanmaur deep darkness shed:
And all was silence, save the ceaseless roar
Of Conway bursting on the ocean's bed.

TO

JOANNA BAILLIE.

Sister of Shakspeare! so not wrongly nam'd:
For his divinest spirit on thy birth
Look'd kindly down, revisitant on earth,
And with like fire thy kindred soul enflam'd.
Thou, too, Enchantress! with a sceptred hand
Beckon'st the Passions forth, and at thy call
Love, Hate, Ambition, rob'd in tragic pall,
Rise, and before thy throne, subservient, stand,
To do thy bidding.—Many a future age,
And bards unborn, shall, as thy strains inspire,
Weep o'er thy scenes, and catch from thee their fire.
Me, other thoughts, and milder scenes engage;
And as I share thy converse, gay and free,
And hear thy unambitious language mild,
I doubt how artless Nature's simple child
Can strike the chords that breathe sublimity,
And how the dove's smooth plumes, and level flight,
Can soar where eagle's sweep, and bathe their wings in light.

THE LAY OF THE BELL.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER)

"THE most original and beautiful, perhaps, of all Schiller's poems, unequalled by any thing of Goëthe's, is called 'The Song of the Bell,'—a varying, irregular, lyric strain. The casting of a bell, is, in Germany, an event of solemnity and rejoicing. In the neighbourbood of the Hartz, and the other mine districts, you read formal announcements in the newspapers from bell-founders, that at a given time and spot a casting is to take place, to which they invite all their friends. An entertainment out of doors is prepared, and held with much festivity. Schiller, in a few short stanzas, forming a sort of chorus, describes the whole process of melting, the casting, and the cooling of the Bell, with a technical truth and a felicity of expression, in which the sound of the sharp sonorous rhymes, and expressive epithets, constantly forms an echo to the sense. Between these technical processes he breaks forth into the most beautiful episodiac pictures of the various scenes of life with which the sounds of the Bell are connected.*"

Vivos voco.—Mortuos plango.—Fulgura frango.

FAST immur'd within the earth,
Fixt by fire the clay mould stands,
This day the Bell expects its birth:
Courage, comrades! ply your hands!

* The above passage, in which the peculiar character of "The Bell of Schiller" is described with much taste and feeling, is extracted from a very entertaining publication of Mr. Dodd, "An Autumn near the Rhine."

Comrades! ceaseless from your brow,
Ceaseless must the sweat-drop flow:
If by his work the master known,
Yet—heav'n must send the blessing down.

The work we earnestly prepare,—
May well an earnest word demand:
When cheering words attend our care,
Gay the labour, brisk the hand.
Then let us weigh with deep reflection,
What by mere force must be achiev'd;
And rightly scorn his misdirection,
Whose foresight ne'er his work conceiv'd.
'Tis this that human nature graces,
This, gifted reason's destin'd aim,
That first the spirit inly traces,
What the skill'd hand shall after frame.

Billets of the fir-wood take,
Every billet dry and sound;
That flame on gather'd flame awake,
And vault with fire the furnace round.
Quickly cast the copper in,
Quickly cast due weight of tin,
That the Bell's tenacious food
Rightly flow in order'd mood.

What now within the earth's deep womb
Our hands by help of fire prepare,
Shall on yon turret mark our doom
And loudly to the world declare!
There its aërial station keeping,
Touch many an ear to latest time;
Shall mingle with the mourner's weeping,
And tune to holy choirs its chime.
All that to earth-born sons below
The changeful turns of fortune bring,
The Bell from its metallic brow
In warning sounds shall widely ring.

Lo! I see white bubbles spring:—
Well!—the molten masses flow.
Haste, ashes of the salt-wort fling,
Quick'ning the fusion deep below.
Yet from scoria clear and free
Must the liquid mixture be,
That from the metal, clean and clear,
Its sound swell tuneful on the ear.

Hark! 'tis the birth-day's festive ringing!
It welcomes the beloved child,
Who now life's earliest way beginning,
In sleep's soft arm lies meek and mild.

As yet in time's dark lap repose,
Life's sunshine lot, and shadowy woes,
While tenderest cares of mothers born
Watch o'er her infant's golden morn.
The years like winged arrows fly:
  The stripling from the female hand
    Bursts into life all wild to roam;
  And wandering far o'er sea and land,
    Returns a stranger home.
There, in her bloom divinely fair,
  An image beaming from the sky,
With blushing cheek and modest air
  A virgin charms his eye.
A nameless longing melts his heart,
  Far from his comrades' revels rude,
While tears involuntary start,
  He strays in pathless solitude,—
Then, blushing, seeks alone her trace;
  And if a smile his suit approve,
He seeks the prime of all the place,
  The fairest flower to deck his love.—
Enchanting hope! thou sweet desire!
  Thou earliest love! thou golden time!
Heav'n opens to thy glance of fire,
  The heart o'erflows with bliss sublime.

Oh that it might eternal prove
The vernal bloom of youthful love!

See! the pipes are browning over!
This little rod I inly dip;
If coated there with glassy cover,
Let not the time of fusion slip.
Now, companions!—briskly move,
Now, the happy mixture prove:
If each alike, in one design,
The brittle and the ductile join.

For where strength with softness joins,
Where force with tenderness combines,
Firm the union, sweet the song.
Thus, ere thou wed no more to part,
Prove first if heart unite with heart:
The dream is brief, repentance long.
Sweet, 'mid the tresses of the bride,
Blooms the virgin coronal,
When merry bells ring far and wide
Kind welcome to the festival.
Ah, that life's fairest festive day
Fades with the blossom of our May!
That when the veil and cestus fall,
The sweet illusions vanish, all!—

The passion,—it flies,
The love must endure:
The blossom,—it dies,
The fruit must mature.
Forth the husband must wend
To the combat of life;
Plunge in turmoil and strife:
Must plant, and must plan;
Gain, get as he can:
Hazard all, all importune
To woo and win fortune.
Then streams, like a spring-flood, his wealth without measure,
And his granaries groan with the weight of their treasure;
And his farm-yards increase, and his mansion expands.

Now the housewife within
Her course must begin;
Nurse, mother, and wife
Share the troubles of life;
Discreetly severe
Rule all in her sphere;
Give each maiden employ,
Watch each troublesome boy.

With orderly care,
Keep all in repair;
And store without ceasing
Her riches increasing:
Fill her sweet-scented coffers; and, restlessly twirling,
Set each spindle a spinning, each wheel ever whirling!
And in smooth polish'd wardrobes range row above row,
Her woollen all radiant, her linen all snow;
And trim them, and pranck them, and fashion them ever,
And rest—never.—

The father now, with deep delight,
From his proud seat's wide seeing roof,
Sums up the wealth that feasts his sight;
The branching columns that support
The loaded barns rang'd round the court;
Granaries, that with corn o'erflow,
And harvests billowing to and fro:
And deems, fond man! that, propt on gain,
Like pillars that the globe sustain,
His house in glory shall withstand
Misfortune's rough and ruthless hand.

But—none—no mortal can detain
Fate in adamantine chain.
Mischance with hurried foot advances.

'Tis time.—Now, now begin the fusion:
The crevice now yields promise fair.
Yet, pause—nor hasten the conclusion,
Till heaven has heard our pious pray'r.
Haste,—now push the stopper out,
Saints! now watch the house about.
Smoking in the handle's bow,
Shoot the waves that darkly glow.

Beneficent the fire, whose flame
The pow'r of man can watch and tame;
When all, whate'er he forms and makes,
From heav'n's kind gift perfection takes.
But terrible this gift of heav'n,
When bursting forth, its fetters riv'n,
This free-born child of nature free
Issues in random liberty.
Woe—woe—when loose, without controul,
Gathering fresh force to feed their ire,
On thro' the populous cities roll
Sheeted flames of living fire!

The elements, unpitying, hate
Whate'er the hands of man create.
From the clouds
Blessings flow,
Rain streams below;
From the clouds,
Here and there,
Lightnings glare.
Heard you yon turret moan from high?
Storm is nigh,
Red as blood
The heav'n's suffusion;
'Tis not daylight's glowing flood.
What confusion!
Clouds of smoke
The dark streets choke;
Flaring mounts up higher and higher,
Through lengthen'd streets, the pillar'd fire,
Borne before the wild wind's ire.
The flame as from a furnace streams
Glows the ether, crack the beams;
Mothers wandering, children moaning,
Cattle under ruins groaning,
Windows clattering, pillars crushing,
All for safety wildly rushing,

This way, that way, twisting, turning,
Midnight like the noon-day burning,
Hand to hand, a lengthen'd chain,
How they strain!
Fly the buckets; flood and fountain
Burst in liquid arches mounting;
The howling tempest on its course
Gives to the flames resistless force:
The fire-flood through each granary streams,
And blazes o'er the rafter'd beams;
And, as if the self-same hour
Would earth and all its growth devour,
To heav'n it rears its tow'ring flight,
Giant high!
Hopelessly
Beneath its godlike strength man bows the head:
And, as his treasures sink and sunder,
Beholds the ruins round him spread
In idle wonder—
Consum'd by flame,
One waste the place;
Nought but the storm there leaves a trace.
In the wide casement's vacancy
Dire horrors brood;
And clouds that sweep aloft the sky
Look on its solitude.

One look—one last—
On that earth-womb:
His treasure's tomb:
One lingering look—'tis o'er—tis past—
He grasps his staff—the world has room—
The raging flame not all has reft
One heartfelt solace yet is left;
He numbers those belov'd the most,—
Of those, so lov'd, not one is lost.

All prosp'rous seems beneath the earth,
Full and kindly fill'd the mould:
But will the day that views its birth,
What crowns our toil and art behold?
If the fusion haply fail!—
If at last the mould prove frail!—
Ah! while Hope's bright sunbeams glow,
Fate has already wrought the woe!

To the dark lap of holy earth
We trust the unaccomplish'd deed:
The sower fearless trusts his seed,
In hope to gather in the birth
At the blest time by heav'n decreed.
And far more precious seed concealing,
We mournful hide in earth's dark womb,

In hope that God, the grave unsealing,
Revive it, grac'd with brighter bloom.
From the dome,
Sad and slow,
Tolls the Bell,
The song of woe;—
Its sad, its solemn strokes attend
A wanderer to his journey's end.

Ah! 'tis the dear one—'tis the wife!
'Tis the belov'd, the loving mother!
Who by the prince of darkness borne,
From her fond husband's arms is torn,—
Torn from each tender child away
She bore him in her bloom of day,—
Those who had grown upon her breast,
By love—a mother's love—carest.
Ah! the household's gentle band
Is loos'd for ever—evermore;
She dwells within the shadowy land
Whose fondness hung that household o'er.
Now ceas'd her zealous occupation,
None her kindness more shall prove;
O'er that wide waste, that orphan station,
A stranger rules devoid of love.

While the Bell is cooling, rest,
Rest, from toil and trouble free;
Each, as fits his fancy best,
Sport like bird at liberty.
If but peep a star in air,
The man devoid of troublous care
At vesper chime from labour ceases:
No hour the master's care releases.

Quickly with unwearied paces
The wanderer in wild woods afar
Seeks his household roof's embraces;
Bleating, homeward draw the sheep:
Herds and cows,
Sleek their hides, and broad their brows,
Come back lowing,
Each his wonted manger knowing.
Charg'd with grain
In rocks the wain,
Harvest laden:
With gay leaves,
On the sheaves,
Garlands lie;
While to the dance the youthful mowers
Briskly fly.
Street and market hush their speaking;

The householders, when day decays,
Gather round their blissful blaze;
And the town-gate closes creaking.
Earth with clouds is darken'd over;
Yet underneath his roof's safe cover,
The peaceful burgher dreads not night,
Which wakes the wicked with affright,
While Law's keen eye ne'er rests its sight.

Holy Order! rich in blessing;
Heavenly daughter! whose caressing
To social bonds free man endears:
Thou whose base the city rears;
Thou, who from the wild and wood
Call'd'st the unsocial savage brood,
To roofs that bind the household tie,
And sooth the soul with courtesy!
Hail, Thou that weav'st the dearest band,
The union of a Father-land!

A thousand busy hands in motion
Each to each its aid imparts,
And in brotherly devotion
Adds strength and grace to all the arts.
Man and master in their station,
In Freedom's holy safeguard rest;

And in joyful occupation
  Laugh to scorn the scorner's jest.
Work!—'tis the burgher's exaltation,—
  A blessing rests on labour's head:
Honour the king who rules the nation,
  Honour the hand that earns its bread.

Holy Peace!
Concord sweet!
Remain, remain:
  O'er this region kindly reign.
  Never may that day arise
When war's rough plund'rers shall assail,
And violate this peaceful vale!
Never may those lovely skies,
Which roseate eve's soft colours faint
Lovelily paint,
View on the blissful village roof
The battle beacon flame aloof!

Break me the mould: its due employment
  Now done, no more its aid we need.
Let heart and eye in full enjoyment,
  On the well-form'd image feed.
Swing, the heavy hammers swing,
  Till the cover duly spring.

When the earth the bell releases,
The mould may split in thousand pieces.

The master breaks the mould in pieces,
And timely frees the precious charge;
But woe—if, as the flame increases,
The glowing metal stream at large.
Blind-raging with the roar of thunder,
Forth from its riv'n cell it rushes;
And, as from hell-jaws burst asunder,
Destruction with the fire-flood gushes.

Where senseless force misrules at pleasure,
No form comes forth in rule and measure—
When nations burst the social band,
Ill fares it with the ravag'd land.
Ah! woe! when in the city's slumber,
By stealth a spark of fire gains force;
Woe! when the mob's unfetter'd number
Finds in itself its sole resource.
Then—Uproar, to the bell ropes springing,
Spreads far and wide the dread alarm;
And where Peace hail'd its joyful ringing,
Its signal bids the city arm.

"Freedom! Equality!"—all crying,
The burgher arms for his defence;
Through streets, through halls, this, that way flying,
Fell murder's bands their work commence.
Wild women, like hyænas darting,
Laughs mixed with groans, strange dread impart;
While thrills the nerve, while blood is starting,
The woman rends the quivering heart.

No sanctity the bosom shielding,
No decency, restraint, or shame,
The wicked, as the good are yielding,
To crime impunity proclaim.

'Tis dire to rouse a lion sleeping,
Terrific is the tiger's jaw,
But there's a woe surpasses weeping,—
'Tis savage man let loose from law:
Woe!—who to him, the blind the cruel,
Lends the blest gift from heav'n brought down—
It lights him not, but fires the fuel
That turns to ashes land and town.

Joy! joy to me, kind heav'n has giv'n;
Lo! like a star of golden birth,
The metal polish'd, smooth, and even,
Comes from its coverture of earth.
Lo! around its beauteous crown
Radiance, sunlike radiance thrown,
And the coat of arms' gay burnish,
New honour to my skill shall furnish.

Come all! come all!
Close your ranks, in order settle:
Baptize we now the hallow'd metal;
"Concordia!"—Such her name we call.
To harmony, to heartfelt union,
It gathers in the blest communion.
Be this henceforward its vocation;
For this I watch'd o'er its creation,
That while our life goes lowly under,
The Bell, 'mid yon blue heav'n's expansion,
Should soar, the neighbour of the thunder,
And border on the starry mansion.
Its voice from yon aërial height
Shall seem the music of the sphere,
That rolling lauds its Maker's might,
And leads along the crowned year:

To solemn and eternal things
  Alone shall consecrate its chime,
And hourly, as it swiftly swings,
  O'ertake the flying wing of time:
Shall lend to Fate its iron tongue,
  Heartless itself, nor form'd to feel,
Shall follow, life's mixed scenes among,
  Each turn of Fortune's fickle wheel.
And, as its echo on the gale
  Dies off, though long and loud the tone,
Shall teach that all on earth shall fail,
  All pass away—save God alone.
Now, with the rope's unweary'd might,
  From its dark womb weigh up the Bell,
That it may gain th' aërial height,
  And in the realm of Echo dwell.
Draw! firmly draw!—it swings, it swings,
Hark! hark! again, it rings, it rings.
Joy to this town, be heard around!
Peace unto all, the Bell's first sound!

JOB, CHAP. XXVIII.

THERE's a path to the fowl, as it flieth, ne'er shown,
Unseen by the vulture's keen eye,
By the whelps of the lion, untrodden, unknown,
Nor the fierce lion passeth it by:

There's an arm on the cliff, on the ice-crested brow,
By the roots that o'er-turneth the mountains,
And cutteth the rocks where the fresh springs shall flow,
And bindeth the floods in their fountains.

But where is the path, where shall Wisdom be found,
And where, Understanding! thy way?—
Not the land of the living inherits that ground,
No price can its value repay.

A voice of the Earth saith "it is not in me:"
"Not in me," saith a voice of the Deep.
Not mines roof'd with gold can its purchase price be,
Nor caves where the silver ores sleep.

Not the onyx, its price, nor the pearl-seeded main,
Of the coral no mention be made:
Nor thy topaz, oh Æthiop, that gift can obtain,
Nor a crown with bright rubies array'd.

Whence then cometh Wisdom? her dwelling proclaim:
Thy place, Understanding! say, where?
Destruction and Death say "we heard of its fame,
"But cannot its secret declare."

But—God understandeth, oh Wisdom! thy birth:
God knoweth the man to whom giv'n:
For he looketh at once to the ends of the earth,
And seeth the whole under heav'n:

Thence He maketh a weight for the winds as they sweep,
Thence weighed the waters by measure,
When He made a decree that controuleth the deep,
And stampt on the thunder his pleasure.

Then He search'd it, and saw it, and utter'd the word,
To man his high precept commanding:
"Behold that is Wisdom, the fear of the Lord,
"And from evil to fly, Understanding."

EXTRACTS

FROM A MANUSCRIPT POEM

ON

THE ELEMENTS.

PREFACE.

MANY years have passed since I collected, and had arranged, the materials for an Anti-Lucretian Poem—"On God, on Nature, and on Man."—Subsequent reflection convinced me of the unpopularity of the subject. The entire plan was therefore laid aside: and from the part entitled Nature, comprising, chiefly, the Four Elements, the following Extracts are selected.

FIRE.

LIGHT—THE SUN.

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EARTH! rejoice!
Lo! from the Orient, led by yon lone star,
Bright harbinger of day, exultant Morn
Comes forth, and waves her roseate wings, and spreads
Their light upon the mountains. Upward spring
From darkness, and the solitude of night,
The green woods, and blue main, and golden sky,
Radiant as new created: each high hill
Smokes, and the mountains purpled by the beam,
Waft, as from censers streaming wide, wreath'd clouds,

That melt in brightness, as the sun, on course,
Pours down prolific fires.

Oh, Earth! shout forth
Thy gladness! ye rejoice! each in its realm,
All creatures of all kind! On loftiest Alp,
The eagle in his aery! Ye, below,
Sweet-voic'd, that charm the woodlands; or, far off
On cliffs, where never spring put forth a leaf,
Haunt the bleak rock, or mingling with the tide
Harsh notes, upon the billow, as it rolls,
Find resting.—Race untam'd! whose fleet foot prints
Its speed in sandy wastes: and ye, who make
Your lair the tangled brake, by rush of flood
Couchant on watch; and thou, whose roaring quest
Troubles the silent midnight:—Herds! that browse,
Fearful, the branch in forest glades! and ye,
In mead, or upland, that recumbent crop
In peace Spring's purple flow'ret! ye, on earth
Which creep, and ye, gay swarms on glittering wing,
That float along the noon-beam! and thou, last,
Scarce less than angel! thou, divinely crown'd
With glory, Man, o'er all below supreme,
In image of thy Maker, bearing rule,
Lift up the hymn of gratulation!—

" Hail,
" Creator! day by day, th' illumin'd world
" Drinks of yon orb existence: each green herb
" Lifts to the light its strength: each flexile shoot
" Bends sunward: and its living lustre gives
" Rich odours to each fragrant plant, and paints
" All nature: hill and dale, and flow'ry mead,
" Each bud that gems the spring, each leaf that gilds
" Th' autumnal wood. Above, heav'n's glist'ning arch
" Beams back its rays: below, the diamond drinks
" Its brightness: and the many-colour'd hues
" Harmonious, gliding down the glossy neck
" Of the eye-spangled bird; or what breaks off
" In sparkles from the rippling brook, or blaze
" Of summer ocean: and, beneath its beam,
" The vital spirit of creation, spreads
" And kindles into birth; and all around
" 'Tis redolence, 'tis beauty, youth, and joy."

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* * * * * * *

Nor less thy genial effluence, Orb of Day,
Makes pure the tainted ether.—Thou, oh, Sun!
Pour'st from thy fount the golden flood, and fill'st
With life and light th' aërial dome, whose arch

O'ercanopies the globe: and all the waves
In motion, thro' the world of waters, heave
Beneath thy amplitude. And lo! forthwith
From every river, fount, and fuming lake,
And billows of the multitudinous deep,
Pure airs, exhaustless, on gray mist and cloud
Float, and in surge ethereal meet the morn
Upborne. And lo! on earth, each grassy blade,
Mantle of nature, and each herb and flow'r,
Shrub, and thick grove, and woodland wilderness,
All that beneath the shroud of darkness, pour'd
Ungenial airs, with balmy breath salute
The day; and to the sunbeam render up
The spirit of delight, and health, and life,
In quivering undulations.

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Go, then, oh Man! and tame the ground: thy doom:
Forgetful not, that o'er thy toil, yon orb
Holds ceaseless charge. For thee the Sun leads on
The Seasons: each, in grateful change, ordain'd
For kindest ministration. Winter cleaves
The congregated clouds, and downward pours
Large floods beneficent: or, spreading wide

O'er the bleak North his snowy mantle, views
The fresh blade sprout beneath, and fruits, whereon
The wand'ring rein-deer browses. Spring, for thee
Comes jubilant: the free rill flows, and flow'rs
Wake at her carol: and her playful train
Young Zephyrus, and May, that trips in dew,
On the green thorn fair garlands hang, and paint
Each purple bud, robing in gay attire
The promise of the year: the air mean-while
Wafts fragrance, and from bush and bow'r the bird
Trills ceaseless melody, and all that live
In very life have joyance. Next, beneath
Blue heav'n, her bright cheek flush'd with fervent noon,
Proud Summer o'er the bristling champain spreads
Its golden garniture; and where the bud
Fresh bloom'd, with mellowing sun-beams swells the fruit
Luxuriant. Lastly, gathering up the year
With shout, and song, and rustic revelry,
Autumn his brow with nodding wheat-sheaf wreathes,
Whence the full seed-grain falls: nor song, nor shouts
Cease, while his foot, crushing the vintage, drains
Its purple flood.—Go, then, and tame the ground,
Thy sentence.

Thus they went, whose foot first trod
This earth: how chang'd of that, which Love divine
Adorn'd, when Wisdom hallow'd its own work!
Sin enter'd, and despoil'd the bow'rs of bliss:
Death triumph'd, and the gates on Eden clos'd
For ever.—Ah, I see them, as they pass
In speechless anguish: him, the Sire of Man,
And Eve, our general Mother. Slow they bend
From Paradise, nor cast one look behind,
Lest worse befall:—if worse!—for under foot,
Fit entrance to the vale of tears, rank thorns
Shot, intermingled, and th' unfruitful growth
Of thistles bristling upward. Over head
Thick clouds and darkness: and the tempest low'r'd,
And the rain beat, and floods were heard to rush
Terrific. Oh for them, who ne'er had seen
Cloud other, than the veil, through which the Sun
Gleam'd soften'd, or gray Twilight, bringing on
Cool shadowy rest: and never had they felt
Show'r, save the mist, which duly from the earth
Went up, and water'd all: nor ruder sound
Heard, than the flow of fountain, or light play
Of leaf, whose murmur lull'd them to repose
Within their nuptial arbor. Oh, for them!
So, on they went: he first, to smooth a path
For Eve, who faintly follow'd. And the day

Was drawing to its close, and sore fatigue
Came, company'd by famine. Then, our Sire
Felt the dire burden of his crime: and loud
His groan burst forth: not thus meek Eve; no sigh,
No murmur spake her anguish, as, o'ercome,
She sank on Adam's breast.—View them, sole Pair,
The husband wipes away the drops of death
That stand on her chill brow. And lo! the clouds
Disparting, and the mists in gather'd wreaths
Bear their dark burden off. The rain is ceas'd,
The wind is lull'd, and full the sun-beam falls
On Eve, beneath whose genial warmth her pulse
Leaps jocund, and the rose relumes her cheek:
Not vainly: for, before them, in near view,
Fair-opening amid fence of mountains, bloom'd
A garden wilderness: a beauteous spot
Selected.—Far around the wild waste low'r'd.—
A little spot, which he who in his wrath
Remembers mercy, had afore prepar'd
Their dwelling. Then fair Hope reviv'd, when first
On this, their exile seat, the Sun, unveil'd,
Shone out; and earth, a second Eden, bloom'd
Beneath them:—Adam, then, stedfast of faith,
Mus'd on the promis'd seed, in awful trance
Prophetic. But thou, Eve, with sprightlier sense

Of pleasure:—" Here, too, Peace resides: here, too,
" Heav'n opes its arch of azure, and these woods
" Wave verdure. Here, on blooming sprays, gay
" birds
" Greet us with welcome song, and trick in the beam
" Their painted plumes. And lo! fair flocks and
" herds,
" From underneath thick shades, that fenc'd the
" storm,
" Move harmless, pasturing the green blade, their
" young
" Frisking around. Hail, too, ye fruits! whereon
" The golden sun looks ripening. Hail, gay flow'rs,
" That, shaking off the dew, rise on your stalks
" Exultant! Thou, too, dwell'st in this thy world,
" Father of Mercy!"—

And, when now the sun
With ampler orb hung on the mountain heights,
And now, ere set, wheel'd slowly thro' the pomp
That grac'd its going down, rich retinue
Of clouds accompaning, whose canopy
Emblazon'd the broad firmament above,
With gold, with purple, and with roseate gleams
Gorgeously rob'd: " Scarce glorious more (she cried)

" Thy lustre: scarce more beauteous Eden bow'rs
" Glisten'd beneath the majesty of heav'n
" Descending, when on wing the Seraphim
" And Cherubs came attendant, as God deign'd
" To walk on earth with Adam." So the day
Clos'd, and their voice went grateful up to heav'n.

FIRE.

Caloric—Fire—the great instrument of civilisation, and of Man's supremacy over inanimate and animated Nature.—The origin and progress of the Arts.

Thus far of Light first-form'd, and thy pure beam,
Regent of Day!—To other pow'rs I turn
My numbers: thine, fix'd Element of Heat!
In ministration of unbounded sway,
Servant of heav'n. Dost thou not, Spirit unseen!
Lift up th' aërial canopy, and hold
Apart each atom in the boundless bed
Of ocean, leaving free the billowy flood,
To wind its mutability of wave
In ceaseless flow? Thro' earth's wide realms thou dwell'st
Subservient: else thy rage had burst the chain
Wherewith the omnipotent arm binds down thy strength
Resistless. Oh, how oft, as one on watch,
In ambush, from still bondage, under earth,

Some cave, on whose unpillar'd emptiness
The city fix'd its greatness, thou hast heard
The voice of vengeance, and array'd in flame,
Like an exterminating angel, swept,
Wasting the wide Creation!—And thou cam'st
With uproar, and fierce onset, winds and waves
Contending. Ask of them, the delug'd race
Swept off at lost Messina. On their brow
The sun, at morn, shone beauteous, and long life
Danc'd in their day-dreams—ask of those, whose bones
'Mid fanes, and marble palaces, in dust,
Moulder, a nameless heap, unsepulchred,
Still wept of Lisbon.—Ah! not yet has ceas'd
Their deep lament, who, when the faithless ground
Toss'd, like the billowy main, rock'd on the edge
Of yon precipitous chasm, and, wild with fear,
Fled at the death-cry, heard beneath, when earth
Clave, and clos'd o'er the nation.—There, yet roams
The maniac, and, with age and woe bow'd down,
Duly, the year gone by, casts on that heap
Her silver hair, and in strange murmurs wild,
Calls on her perish'd babe, and greets her lord:
All hopeless, as her cry comes echo'd back,
Sole response. And anon, the fix'd mount seems

To heave and roll beneath her, and pale shapes,
Deform'd, float ghastly round.

Oh, ye! who muse
Where tow'r and temple fell; and they, the race,
Sunk as one man, recall to mind that voice
Which spake of those at Siloim!—All have sinn'd:
Yea, and this earth must bear the chastisement,
Fore-doom'd for man's offence. Ah beauteous world!
Ye, high hills, and wide forests! ye, proud rocks!
That bear the burden up; streams, and still lakes
So passing fair; ye all, and yon vast Deep,
Shall, like a scroll before the furnace heat,
Smoke, and no more be seen: and thou, oh, Flame!
Borne on the tempest's thundering pennons, pass
Lone o'er Creation's void.—Till then, repose,
And fill thy gentler office, and sustain
All nature! Ne'er be seen in upper air
Lights, fiercer than the gleams that paint the clouds
At morn, or eve: or those, that round the Pole,
Changeful of hue, immix in aery dance,
Not without voice of lambent flame, and now
Cease, fanciful: or sport upon the wing
Of summer lightnings, that elicit down
Kind drops, and fill the lap of earth with flow'rs.

Play ye in painted clouds! far other fire
Rests ministrant on earth. Came not the flame
From heav'n? and mark'd th' acceptance of his God,
What time, himself the criminal, Man bow'd
His forehead to the dust, and wet with tears
The ground, repentant, when his falt'ring hand
First smote the blameless sacrifice, and laid
On th' unhewn stone. So will'd the voice divine,
In token of offence, and death deserv'd,
His doom forewarn'd: nor less, mysterious type
Of thee, oh, Son of God! whose offer'd blood
Flow'd, price of our redemption. Thus, the flame
Came down; and Man went forth, not without God,
To tame and till the earth.

Hence, various arts:
Whate'er (so Fables sing) Prometheus first
Taught rude mankind, when, guest of highest Jove,
The dauntless Titan from the sun purloin'd
Forbidden flames, and earth's dark race illum'd.

Far otherwise my song, that tracts his course,
The bold adventurer, from life's cultur'd realms,
Who, bent on far discoveries, steers his bark
'Mid untried oceans. Such, as oft thy prow,
From pole to pole lone traversing the globe,

Explor'd: heroic Chief!
Whose memory, and last remains, rever'd
As one scarce mortal, consecrate the isle
Where thy long course of toil and glory clos'd;
And ruthless men, whose weapons drank thy blood,
Wept, as they knelt around thy hallow'd corse,
Proud Albion's boast, brave Cook!

So trace in thought
The voyager. His tempest-wearied sails
Rest, as the anchor bites an unknown coast.
His light skiff rides the surge, and forth he leaps,
Lone, on the rocky sea-beach. High in air
His torch, long beck'ning, flames: and lo! far off,
With faltering step, and wild eye turn'd askance,
One from the thick shade ventures, where he wont
With beasts to make his lair: or, couch'd beneath
Dark caverns, start at the tremendous roar
Of ocean, hurling its vex'd flood, by night,
Against the storm-rent promontory. Forth
He comes, a naked creature, comfortless;
His lip, and the dark tangles of his beard,
Stain'd with fresh blood, warm from the living prey
That battled long for mastery.—" Draw near!
" (The Stranger calls) break off the feast of blood.
" Satiate no more fell appetite, 'mid cries

" Of quivering agony! So feel, oh, Man!
" Thy nature, temper'd with celestial touch
" Of pity, and soft sense of woe not thine."

He speaks: the wild man listens, and his heart
Thrills, opening to humanity.—Again
Th' Instructor speaks benign, as once the voice
That spake to our first sire: " Thou, sole on earth,
" Sole kind endow'd with reason! thine alone
" This Element; the air, the earth, the flood,
" Free boon alike to all: thou, Lord of Fire!
" Go, sov'reign 'mid creation, and bear rule
" Resistless.—Each, within his realm, subdue,
" The beast and bird, and those that in their rage
" Tempest the deep.—But not for this alone,
" To lord it o'er the brute, hold under rule
" At will the fiery element. Look o'er
" Yon desert, the dark wilderness."—Around
The savage stilly gazes. Dreary, all,
Wild as th' immense savannahs, whose dank waste
Struck horror on the hapless exile, doom'd
To tame the new-found world. Between the range
Of distant mountains, on whose summit slept
Th' eternal snows, a mighty champain spread
On all sides its low level. Giant woods

There once claim'd space and flourish'd; and the storms
Of Winter, from their pride had shatter'd down
Th' exuberant growth, and Spring, as oft, renew'd,
Thro' untold generations. Lifeless lay
On earth's dank bed their cumbrous bulk, and stay'd
The floods, that labouring down their channels, work'd
Toilsome their way obscure, upheaving slow
The soil with all its roots: while bristling round
Its borders, proudly rose in perplex'd fence,
Impassable, rank thickets that immix'd
Thorns, and huge spikes, and canes whose rattling stems
Tow'r'd, each a warrior's lance: and all throughout,
In intertwining growth exuberant,
Glow'd clusters swoln with venom. In these shades
The wild beast litter'd, and sad birds there hung
Their nests, and thick along the ooze huge snakes
Trail'd on their folds voluminous, and 'mid these,
Fierce eagles gorging the fang'd prey, coil'd round
Their beak in battle. And the troubled air
Rung with thick swarms, that, borne on whizzing wing,
Stream'd up like exhalations into birth,

And dimm'd the noon-beam. " Lo! (his Guide exclaim'd)
" Thy realm!—yon wild wood fire—subdue, and " reign."

The Savage waves the torch, and fires the wood:
It flames, it roars, and sinks, a silent waste;
And they that tenanted the wilderness,
Bird, and wild beast, and serpent fang'd with death,
Fly diverse: and the Man stands there, alone,
Stands in his strength.

" Now learn thy pow'r, pursue
" The triumph. Nature (hark! 'tis God commands)
" Claims of thy race due culture: all, save thine,
" All, reckless, on her bosom, whence they draw
" Their nurture, idly sleep. Thou, sole, deserve
" Her largess. Bid yon mound, that stays the flood,
" Give way, and the free current flow, as once,
" Prolific: call again the sunbeams down
" To look upon the soil, and flow'rs and fruit,
" All kind, shall spring luxuriant. Some, uproot,
" Some, kindly prune, others, their savage strength
" Tam'd gradual into mildness, make unite
" In spousal, and engender happiest race.
" Nor envy thou the animals! Along

" The champain let the courser, in his speed,
" Challenge the winds: the goat, yon mountains
" browse,
" Give the gay kid to spring from crag to crag,
" And balancing his posture, light as air,
" Dance on the pointed fore-cliff: give the flock,
" Whose silver fleece thy covering shall inweave,
" The summer upland, and the shelter'd vale
" When winter smites. And when the larger herd
" Wind, lowing, down thy pastures, mantled o'er
" With trefoil, and the purple bloom lure on
" To meadows freshly water'd; for they come,
" Peaceful, heav'n-destin'd, to submit their neck
" Of prowess to thy handling, and beneath
" An iron yoke, which way the stripling turns,
" Bow'd from the rising to the setting sun,
" To tame the earth. 'Tis vanquish'd: Plenty
" bursts
" The clod, and guardians of the golden grain,
" Fair Order, and right Governance arise.
" And hark! the populous hum, and cheerful strife
" Of industry, and voice of elders met
" In council.—Hail, Religion, and her rites.
" Hail, wedded Love, link'd by domestic ties
" Endearing, sire and child!—These, all, await
" Thy culture. Haste! the mighty mother calls,

" Who, not ungrateful, asks but to repay
" Ten thousand fold: nor negligent herself
" To fit thee for her ministry."—He speaks,
And shows, where 'mid the ashes, as they smoke,
Flows from rich veins the all-subduing ore,
And fashions into use.

Thus, man to man,
Taught by their common sire, transmitted down
Heav'n's gracious gift, and cultur'd Arts arose
Successive.—Some, from earth, with hand uncouth,
Scoop'd the harsh clay, and from the fire brought forth
Unshapely vessels rude. The potter's wheel
Anon knew motion, nor found rest, till skill,
Wrought slowly out from want, the sense refin'd
Of pleasure, born of beauty: such as charm'd
The Tuscan, when th' attemper'd clay resign'd
Its patient flexibility of form
To the fine fingering of his taste: beneath
Whose touch Grace shap'd the vase, and round its orb,
Imag'd in mystic symbol, the fair form
Of Nature faint reclining: o'er whose brow
Pow'rs, Spirits of Creation, hung on wing
Descendent, and, with torch Promethean, rous'd

The slumberer into life: or shadowy shapes
Fantastic, of the volant pencil born:
That, lonely, or in groups, not without pipe
And timbrel, loosely cinctur'd, toss'd on high
The thyrsus, and their streaming locks wav'd back
In airy dance.

Some rais'd the tile-fenc'd roof
Impervious: and the stormy gust unfelt
Died off, and lulling, clos'd the slumberous eye.
So rose the sheltering roof: succeeding years
Saw taste, and proud embellishment: the porch
And portico, and dome that tow'r'd aloft
On pillar'd strength. The Doric column, first,
Like some gigantic cedar, tempest-shorn,
Awful in unadorn'd severity,
Rose baseless from earth's solid bed, and prop'd
The ponderous mass above.

So—Hercules
Stood, when bow'd Atlas rested.

Next, arose
Th' Ionian, with pure graces chastely adorn'd.
The Grecian matron, there, of stately port,
Gave to its polish'd shaft the female form,

And delicate proportions. Down the flutes
Of the long column fell in simple folds,
What seem'd her plaited stole: and from its brow
The ornamented capital diffus'd
What seem'd the ringlet that round either cheek
Wav'd, as the free breeze curl'd it.

Last, the skill
Of Corinth, in its wanton wildness trac'd
Th' acanthus, as the graceful leaf o'erhung
The funeral urn, and round her chaptrel twin'd
Its gay luxuriance.—Thus th' embellish'd shaft
Shot tapering into air, and charm'd the sight,
Virginly shap'd, her likest, in life's prime
A bride by Love adorned. Nor wanted these
High architrave, or fretted frieze, emboss'd
With sculptur'd imag'ry: the pomp of games,
Triumphs, and Amazonian wars, and chase
Of beasts, or sport of Gods at Hebe feasts
With Saturn's race.

Meantime the sound arose
Of men, who, labouring at huge anvils, tax'd
Their strength. Now swift the clattering hammers rung;
Now with slow swing, the sledge, blow after blow,

In measur'd chime fell regular. So these:
And ever as they drew the glowing mass
From forth the furnace, show'r of sparkles flew
Around. By dint of toil, these taught the share
To take its griding curve: those, pointing, shod
The ponderous harrow: some, more artful, edg'd
The biting axe, or tooth'd the serried saw.
Others, by patient touches, o'er and o'er,
Smooth'd temper'd steel, and polish'd for the loom
Tools o'er whose play Sidonian virgins rais'd
The song that lighten'd labour.

Other part,
Men, in sad gloom, beneath embowell'd earth,
Slow min'd: regardless they, on toil intent,
Whether the sun, o'er misty mount, or lawn
Gemm'd with fresh dew, rose beauteous on mankind,
Or moon-beams lit the labourer to repose:
Regardless, while they arch'd the sparry roof,
And from deep veins the buried ore purloin'd,
That, heard above, the unrelenting roar
Of ocean, as the rocky fragments roll'd,
Burst from the world of waters o'er their brow.

To each his task. And some went forth, and brought

Weeds of the refluent spring-tide, and loose sand,
And 'mid the furnace flung: and lo! a flood
Pellucid: this, ere yet its current cool'd,
Art fashion'd into shape: and interpos'd
Its crystal, calling in the beams of light,
And gladsome sunshine, while stern winter swept
Without, unheeded. Hence, 'mid realms unblest,
Where Tanais freezes as it flows, and earth,
Lies sepulchred in snow, Art, underneath
The lucid roof, gay flow'rs and fruits arrays,
Cull'd from each happier clime: and all their hues
Calls forth, and all their fragrance. There, methinks,
As in some central mart (such, Hormuz, once,
Now a lone rock) at yearly fair, the throng
Of traffickers, a princely train, from Nile,
Tagus and Thames, and isles of th' eastern main,
From Trebisond, and Teflis, over-land,
Meet, vying in their merchandise: so these
In flavour, bloom, and fragrance. There the grape
Of Schiraz, clust'ring into vintage, views
The mail'd Anana, and the golden groves
Of Lusitane.

Nor fragrant shrub there fails: with some, the Cape
Deck'd her gay wilds: some, boast of orient Ind:
The jasmine, and nyctanthus, whose rare bloom

This to the day gives fragrance, that, in turn,
To night its odour. Melianthus, there,
Bends gracefully; and as it looks on earth,
Drops dew of Hybla sweetness. Thou too, last,
Delight of tropic islands: rich thy leaf
Of glossy verdure, garlanded with pomp
Of blossoms, white as snow, that loosely float
In clusters, waving fragrance: cool thy walks
Thro' dark arcades, where never weed, nor plant
Entangles the free foot, nor from without
Pierces the noon-tide beam: but ah! thy charms
Are poison'd: for there wanders one, whose eye
Rests not on thy snow-blossoms, and whose heart
Fever'd with woe, in shade and cool retreat
Finds no allay: one, forc'd from Niger's flood.
Behold him, faint, at interval of toil
Climb up the mountain brow, thence, sea-ward, gaze
Which way his country lies, and beat his breast
In anguish, as th' interminable waves
Roll, sund'ring him for ever from his home.
Once, once thou hadst a home, endear'd by those
Whose age found rest on thee: endear'd by those
Who, smiling, nam'd thee "Father:" doubly endear'd
By her, who bore, and at her bosom fed
Each proof and pledge of love—Heav'n still thy groan!

But woe to him who, fettering the free,
Trafficks in blood! Crush, Albion! 'neath thy foot,
Crush its last link!—

Some of the molten mass
Fram'd instruments, whose subtle pow'r disclos'd
God in his works. Forms long familiar, rose
All wond'rous: and the Air, and Earth, and Main,
Show'd like new worlds, where swarming myriads know
Joy in their generation. These detect
The many-vision'd orbs, that serve the wants
Of reptile, or wing'd life, outnumb'ring those
That held dire watch o'er Io: or, behold
Where, thro' a thousand mouths, the green leaf drinks
Th' aerial spirit; whence the unfolding rose
Draws from the sun its hue; and how, ere ceas'd
The harvest shout, another golden year
Teems, where the great Creator, provident,
Garners the infant Autumn in the grain,
And decks with branch and leaf the tree, in bud,
Yet patient of a cradle.

While these trace
A God on earth, others behold the heav'ns

Rob'd in his brightness. The ethereal zones
Stretch back their ancient boundary; and beyond,
Realms, whose far gleams from multitudinous fires
Flow like a silver ocean, other suns
Than thine, Earth's greater Light! and moons, whose disc
Borrows no radiance to adorn our globe,
Come forth: not slowly seen, as those pale stars
That, singly, from their dim recesses, steal,
Each after each, and on the rear of eve
Look like the lone vedettes of some vast march
Succeeding orderly: but, all at once,
In multiplied magnificence, at once
Throughout the firmament, heav'n's gathered host
Refulgent, in thick bands, and close array,
Planets and suns, and satellites, pour forth
Their pomp on the empyrean. These proclaim
A God: and ever as they wheel their fires
Erratic, in each orb of changeful curve,
All, in harmonious maze, surround thy throne,
Omnipotence! and trace th' eternal paths
Thou mad'st ere Light had birth.

Oh thou, who dwell'st
Sole, 'mid infinitude! whose Word, that form'd,
Alone upholds creation, and goes forth

Each moment, thro' the amplitude of space,
Sole source of life and motion: thou alone
Art—ever.—Yon bright stars, each in itself
A central sun, and light of other worlds,
Each, like this earth, created fair, and form'd
And peopled for beatitude: these all,
Their ministration done, shall pass away,
And all the revolutions of their spheres
Cease, as a moment told.—But thou! who art
One, yesterday, to-morrow, and to-day,
Thou—ever:—and the Spirits of the Just
Made perfect by thy Presence!

THE AIR—THE EARTH—THE OCEAN.

What art thou, viewless Spirit! whose soft breath
Floats, whispering, o'er me wooingly, and now,
Delusive, dies away, as in lone thought,
Fix'd on my solemn argument, I call
On Nature, and the Elements that mix
Their changeful shapes around her state, to hymn
Thy glory, God Creator?—On yon plain
The sun strikes heavy: summer noontide glares
O'er its unshadow'd sultriness: meantime,
Under cool umbrage of sequestred groves,
My native woodlands wild, I wander on
In pathless solitude, where sight nor sound
Disturbs me, save at times the shadowy play
Of leaves, that to the murmur of the wind
Make melody.

Sweet minstrel! many-voic'd,
Again thy whisper vibrates on the leaf

Delightful, companied with rural sounds,
The bleat of some lone doe, and trill of bird,
Whose echo charms the woodlands.—They have ceas'd:
But thou, aerial Visitant! thou com'st
Most mutable, and other change assum'st,
To woo another sense, wafting around
My way delicious odours, that exhale
From mead new-mown, clover, or thymy bank,
Where summer swarms brush from the purple bloom
Rich fragrance. Yet, ætherial Spirit! thy pow'r
Bears other office, than to charm the sense
With rural sound in woodlands wild, lone bleat
Of doe, or trill of bird; or all that breathes
Enchantment from touch'd lute, in moonlight glades,
When music melts upon the lip of Love.
And higher province thine, than to diffuse
Fragrance from mead new-mown, clover, or bank,
Where summer swarms float on the bloom, and mix
The song of murmuring melodies.

Thou heard'st
Of old, the Word omnipotent: "Go forth!
"Go wing'd with life, and round the world, wind free
"Thy fluid robe translucent: give the flame

" Its lustre: dye the blood with roseate health:
" Unfold the germ of nature: quick'ning, swell
" Each buried seed. In unseen strength array'd
" Press on the mountain tops, and, ceaseless, wear
" Their peel'd and shiver'd foreheads, till the rock
" That bore reproach of barrenness, become
" A pregnant soil. From earth's o'erloaded lap
" Sweep off the rank exuberance: and again
" From thy capacious womb, profuse of life,
" As from Creation's gather'd stores, supply
" Exhausted nature: and diffuse wing'd seeds
" O'er sterile solitudes that yet await
" Man's culture. Spread the twilight out, and lift
" The sun above the orient, and withhold
" His orb, suspended o'er the western waves,
" Bright with dilated amplitude: and yield,
" Yield to each beam untroubled space to pass
" From heav'n to earth: and gently interpose
" Thy mantle, thro' whose texture, radiant hues
" From all above, around, and underneath,
" Dart to and fro, and, like sweet voices tun'd,
" Meet unconfus'd: so charm the sight with sense
" Of lucid harmonies, that richly blend
" The golden sun, and the celestial cope
" Cerulean, with the green and glist'ning earth."

Thou heard'st, and Earth exulted. Man! survey
Thy goodly realm. Oh, World! once hail'd of heav'n,
Chang'd tho' thy state, and waxing to decay,
And under condemnation of thy judge,
His glory yet rests on thee. Wherefore else
This beauteous theatre? why proudly tow'r
Yon mountains, and their frozen peaks and rocks,
Up whose bleak brow the pine-wood climbs, and strikes
Roots down the icy clefts, and heights whereon
The cedar spreads his prodigal arms abroad,
Gathering the tempest under: at their base,
Glens, down whose fring'd declivities prone floods
Rush ceaseless: then, gay interchange of land,
Smooth hill, and slope of dale, that kindly rear
The olive and the purple grape, and fruits
All kind, luxuriant. Champains wide succeed,
Rich meads, and golden harvests intersect
With populous realms, hamlets, and spreading towns,
By flow of rivers, that beneath the yoke
Of marble arcs majestic, sea-ward bear
The barter of mankind. And lo! the Main
Stretch'd boundless, and the multitude of isles
Gay-cluster'd, or lone rocks that beam afar,
And high above the tossing of the surge

Lift their green brows, and laugh amid the storm
Of ocean, as it roars with all its waves
Tempestuous.

But, how fitly laud in song
Thy wonders, World of Waters? How extoll
Thy beauty? Fair art thou, oh, summer Sea!
In still repose: and sweet thy crisped smiles,
When twilight, slowly fading off, withdraws
Its shadow from the water, and unveils
The smooth expanse, on whose far bound the sky
Rests its blue concave. Yellow daylight then
Spreads bright illumination: and the breeze,
In ripples on the sparkling billow, meets
The morn, where o'er the bosom of the Deep
Light vapours wreathe their many-colour'd forms.
Meantime, the sun, with orb of gold, half-ris'n,
Looks thro' the mist, and on, from wave to wave,
Levels the tremulous radiance, lighting up
Far off his western goal. Nor lovely less,
At still autumnal night-fall, after length
Of sultry hours, when the last little cloud
That hung o'er the departing day, has lost
Its roseate livery: and the last low breath
Of wind, that like the chanted vesper rose,
Dies off, and dewy coolness greets its close.

Gray twilight, then, and gradual gloom succeed,
Till, fully-orb'd 'mid heav'n's resplendent host,
These errant, those at rest, Regent of Night,
The moon walks forth in brightness: and each cliff,
Hoar tow'r, and wood that boldly breasts the tide,
Smile, touch'd with tremulous light, while 'neath her disc
The heave of ocean, like a silver globe,
Swells out dimensionless. Sweet then to pace
The shore: and, fancy-free, rekindle dreams
Of blissful childhood, and again pursue
Far sea-nymphs, in smooth dance, on gleams of light,
That o'er the wave like silver shadows glide,
Brush'd by the night-air's wing: or, in lone muse
Bow'd o'er the stillness of the deep, to dwell
On lov'd friends gone, till the sooth'd Spirit taste
Of their unearthly quiet.—

Then, oh, thou!
Sore smitten, prey of woe, or harsh neglect,
Or vex'd of worldly turbulence, awhile
Retire: and on the low and level sands,
When the soft moon-light seems to still the main,
List the smooth lapse of ocean. The soft light
Shall soothe thee, and the lulling lapse has pow'r
To steal thee from thyself. Or, boldly climb

Some headland, when the rising gale rings loud,
And as the chaf'd sea roars, yield all thy soul
To rapture: and allaying troublous thought,
In aspirations of the heart, adore
Th' Omnipotent. Forsaking thus, far off,
The worldly din, I woo lone thoughts that raise
The disincumber'd spirit: while 'mid woods,
Whose high tops never drank the briny spray,
Rapt Fancy, picturing the numbers, pours
Far ocean in, and, boldly dashing round
The roar of its wild waters, fitlier lauds
His might, whose Spirit mov'd upon the Deep.

And moves it not the Deep? whether his pow'r,
Peaceably ruling without pomp, call up
To sunshine, and the breath of upper air,
The viewless generations, age on age,
That 'neath unfathom'd waves slow-labouring lift
Their giant masonry, and gem wide seas
With coral isles:—that Man, where'er dispers'd,
May find fit rest, and life's link'd chain extend
Far as the free wave wanders:—or, in might
Descending, from the bosom of th' abyss
Bid the dry land appear. Such, as of late,
They view'd off Santorin, who, at gray dawn,
Saw but the still wave smiling, and light mists

That play'd on its blue bosom. Fearful sights
Succeeded; for ere yet swift eve declined,
Untimely darkness sat upon the sea,
While ocean thunder'd 'mid the storm of waves,
From whose wide-smoking bosom floods of fire
Gush'd forth, and rocks that, hurtling in 'mid air,
Blaz'd as they flew; and from the rent abyss
An isle uprose, with cliff, and spacious plain:
And from afar its promontory tow'r'd
A mount of living flames: anon to bear
Gay verdure, and to listen to the voice
Of rills that down cool glens meand'ring glide.

The vital Word went forth: "Be fruitful, Seas!
"Bring forth abundantly."—Earth! on thy face
Dwells gladness: and thy green lap gifts with food
Fair creatures in their kind: but 'neath thy turf
Lies the dark realm untenanted. Thou, Deep!
Teem'st animate throughout, sea beneath sea
Continuous birth. Enormous forms uncouth
Heave on the main, and upward gazing, spout
The briny fount. But who hath told the race
Under the green wave gliding? Part, below,
Haunt: other part, at season due, move forth,
Not without charge shaping their yearly course,
To feed earth's barren regions. Witness, ye,

On Drontheim's pine-crown'd steeps! and that bold
race
In bosom of the melancholy main:
Rude natives of the rocks, whose bleak heights gaze
On Caledonia's howling head-lands wild:
The sterile residence, where no hill top
Waves verdure—ye, rejoice! No longer chase
On cliffs, whose dizzy brows o'erarch the flood,
The fierce and clamorous sea-fowl: tempt no more
Dark caves where wild kinds gender. Golden suns
Invite: 'tis peace, and silence on the sea.
The ice-chain of the northern Deep gives way;
Forth burst the nations. Ocean gleams afar:
The many-colour'd main has lost its hue
Cerulean. Where the vast migration heaves,
Wing'd flights o'erhang their banquet, vast of size
Beneath, on either flank, the swoln whale preys
Insatiate: nathless, far and wide, and deep,
Column on column, furrowing up the flood,
Rolls onward, and each isle and peopled rock
Rings like a hamlet feast at harvest home.

Soother of Seasons! World of Waters! hail!
The Pow'r, whose wisdom wheels the globe athwart
The orb of light, and laid each adverse pole
On everlasting ice, bad roll thy strength,

Potent alike, or from swart realms to sweep
Thick sunbeams off, or, forceful to repel
Stern Winter, as he stands upon the edge
Of the firm-frozen Arctic.—Wherefore rests
Earth rooted 'mid thy billows? Hark! the voice
Of Nature, calling on the Lord of life
With thy nutritious spirit to sustain
Creation. And the Lord of life looks down,
And bids each searching sunbeam, and each wind
Whose path is on the restless Deep, require
His treasures stor'd in thy capacious womb,
To gladden the green herb. Hence, tempests, toss
Thy billows: or, smooth seas, of winds unvex'd,
That seem to sleep, wave after wave, ascend,
And silently along the blue serene
Float on the painted clouds, that deck the pomp
Of summer. And the golden-tressed hours
That tend the car of day, gird up in light
Thy viewless waters: and, in turn, the train
That stol'd in matron weeds, accompany
Eve's shadowy course, with dewy finger chill
Unloose the burden, and pour stilly down
On hill and vale large dew-drops, that all night
Lay thick upon the branch, and gem at dawn
With pearls the twinkling green-sward. And who comes

In thunder, and thick canopy of clouds,
Borne on the tempest's outstretch'd wings, and pours
On earth thy rich abundance, making air
Another ocean? Thou com'st down in strength,
Jehovah! o'er the splendour of noon-day,
When freshness fails the mead, thy glory, girt
With thunder, and in canopy of clouds
Pavilion'd: and the winds, that bear thee on,
Shake from their sounding pennons, far and wide,
The rush of mighty waters. These have charge
To pierce beneath earth's grassy robe, and search
The veins that intersect her ribs of rock,
The crude mine ripening: some, therein to place,
As in a thick-arch'd treasury, richest grains
Borne with the stream; or lodge the embryon ores,
That in their lapse pass'd viewless: thus, her depths
In many a cavernous womb, and veiny cleft,
Seemingly work of violence, are stor'd
With inexhaustible wealth: her palaces,
Where some have feign'd gnomes, and swart demon, girt
With dragon guard, brood o'er their unsunn'd heaps,
Gleam diamond-lustred.—Hence, her roofs emboss'd
With gems and stalactites, whose loitering drops
Grow rigid in their fall, and from beneath

Sparring the crystal pavement rise, each one
A brilliant coruscation. Some, ere sunk
Beneath the soil, explore the tainted wreck
Of forms organic once, in sad decay
Now wasting slow. The pure stream, as it parts
Their elements, methinks, with voice of pow'r
Exclaims—" Why slumber ye, who, lately adorn'd
" With form, and hue, and vigour, in gay bloom
" Perfum'd the spring: or on the mountain brows,
" Like those of Libanon, when roar'd the gale,
" Spread your broad arms indignant: or, endow'd
" With the celestial Spirit, dwelt on God,
" Creator, Judge, and Saviour.—Sleep no more
" A burden, and a pest. I bear you down,
" To rise a new creation."—Thus ordain'd,
To Nature, and her many seeded womb,
The vital spirit of the water bears
Fertility. The new germ wakes, unfolds,
And from its brow, aspirant, proudly shakes
Its cradling earth-tomb off. Meantime, the dews
Descend: and every fibre, myriad-mouth'd,
Rests never from the moisten'd mould to draw
New life: and, at each genial season, quaff
Afresh nectareous stores that autumn laid
In root, and grassy joint, and knotted stem,
Food for the vernal offspring: on they wind

Elaborate, thro' many a branching vein,
And many a mazy vessel, opening now,
Now closing, wreath on wreath their spiral rings
To woo, and urge them upwards. The green leaf
Expands, and drinks the light, and at each pore
That opens on the sun, the currents change
Their nature: part, the liquid form put off,
Goes forth an unseen element, the waste
Of vital air restoring: part, absorb'd,
Flows, circling, down, richly endow'd, to form
Fruits, and fresh growth of harvests, precious gums
Lenient of pain: all that the summer bee
Steals, labouring into liquid gold, and all
That Mecca gathers, when the wounded rind
Weeps, and each tear a sov'reign balm distils—
These kindly flow. But where th' immingling veins
Join currents, Lord of Nature, I behold
Thy plastic Spirit provident. The sap
Assumes corporeal substance, and while man,
Race after race, sinks, mouldering into dust,
Grows, gathering up its hardihood; now rears
'Mid the wild woods some beech, that far outspreads
O'er the dark lake its night of leaves: or pine
Norwegian, on high mountain ridge, of pow'r
To stay the expanded main-sail labouring full
Before the gale: or ever-during growth

Of oak unyielding: such as Britain boasts
In many a native forest. Witness, thou,
Far-fam'd in song, hoar Silcar! whose high brow
O'er Need-wood shades tow'rs eminent: and thou,
Renown of Yardley! to whose honour'd age
A Bard, whose lyre was tun'd with angel chords,
Disdain'd not homage: and thy boast, unsung,
Hainault! not seldom underneath whose gloom
I muse, and lonely meditate the lay,
Still Peace and inspiration breathing round.

The years of old hang graceful on thy boughs.
Yon gray-hair'd woodman, native of these wilds,
Who to his list'ning grandson tells the tale
His grandsires told, delivers down of thee
Traditionary records, as of one
Whose birth outrun their date. They too, like me,
Beheld with fond regret thy gray-top sere
Bare to each gale, the roots that prop thy bulk
Expos'd, and heaving 'bove the wintry floods
Their gnarl'd and wreathed strength: thy rugged trunk,
Like some vast cave by storm-tost ocean arch'd,
Deep hollow'd, and the outstretch of thy arms
Gigantic, measuring far and wide the glade.

How gladly would the Muse—were this fit place—
Search out thy birth, tho' trac'd 'mid days unblest,
When wolves, amid the labyrinth of woods,
Prowl'd freely, and the doe scarce found still lair
To hide her fawn new-dropt. Might now the song
Pursue thy growth, would it not tell of times,
When British archers bold, unquestion'd, twang'd
The yew in forest chase? and following up
Thy strength, recount of Normans, whose harsh yoke
Fell on the woodlands, when thy branches rang'd
O'er antler'd herds at rest:—that age gone by,
How note that here and there the cot peep'd up,
When on the spreading rind the shepherd lad
His rude mark scarr'd, or 'gainst thy trunk reclin'd,
Shap'd his green reed, and in rude minstrelsy
Pip'd to the flock at pasture:—then point out,
Wild after wild uprooted, where the ox
Sore-labour'd: and how roof crept close to roof,
And neighb'ring hamlets rose, and the sweet chime
Of the church-bell was heard, when, 'neath the shade
Of thy luxuriant prime, at yearly feast,
Gather'd the jocund reapers, when the sheaf
Was garner'd. Gambols then, laughter and dance,
And merrily the rival songsters troll'd

Their roundelay, and many a chaplet deck'd
The victor's prize, thy boughs.—Far other theme
Now waits me: underneath earth's flow'ry lap
To trace the show'rs that search her secret depths,
And from dark caves, and pregnant mines gush forth
In gifted waters.
Hail, salubrious springs,
In moor and mount! and ye, whose rills endow
Proud cities: or, in fring'd dells cleave the rock!
Flow on! and ever o'er your currents hear
The shout of adoration; such as shook
Thy porch, Bethesda! when the Angel, seen
Of mortal eye, at certain time, came down
Troubling the water. Where beholds not earth
The crippled leap, and the suspended crutch
Hang o'er the healing fount? Who has not heard
Of marble-paved Prusa, and fam'd springs
From Pyrenean heights? nor flow thy streams,
My native isle, lov'd Albion! of far realms
Unhonour'd. Pure thy springs, where'er they lead,
Fair Hope: and with delightful scenery cheer
The sufferer: whether to thy verdant brow,
Sun-circled Malvern! severing yon expanse
Of meads, along whose range Sabrina winds
Her yellow waters, from that fairy land,

Changeful of hill and dale, which blossom'd o'er
Of orchards, all the pleasant spring-time make
A flow'ry garden redolent; or, on
To woo the tepid fountains, welling up
'Mid crystal waterfalls, and woods which root
Their tangles in the veins of starting rocks,
That hang o'er the green glen, where Matlock smiles
Imparadis'd:—or, to thy flow'ry meads,
Fair structur'd Bath! and fount, of pow'r to heal
Him hopeless, like that Syrian chief, who left,
Tho' loth, for Jordan's flood, his native streams,
His Pharphar and Abuna, and went back
Like one new born.

Such Albion boasts. I pass
The rest in silence by. So might I pass
One, which to name I linger: linger, long
Reluctant, pausing on the bosom griefs
That will have way. Yet, far the spring renown'd,
And Health ('tis said) of Clifton's fountain fills
Her chalice. Yet, ah, happier thou, than I,
Ah, happier far, whoe'er, on whose fond arm
One well belov'd to life and bliss restor'd,
Has hung, and there with salutation sweet,
Bade farewell to each lovely haunt, on down,
Green slope, or by the river's brawling maze,

That, under glittering cliffs, seeks the still combs
That whisper peace: but not to me: to me
Woe, and fond thoughts of those, who sought the fount
But thence return'd no more;—of thee, there laid,
Thy duties done: thou! on whose nurturing breast
I hung; and from whose lip (oh, patient Spirit!)
First drew celestial truth. So were but mine
Thy suavity, and gentleness of heart,
Kind mother! and those jocund spirits light,
That, unrepress'd by troubles, not unwept,
Rose bright with hope: as, after storm, the flow'r
Springs renovate, and, looking on the sun,
Throws from its opening leaves the chill drops off.

There, thou, at last, in the still grave, hast found
Thy place of rest, my sister! on whose couch,
Moon after moon, as years toil'd slowly round,
Rest dwelt not, chas'd of untold pangs, that rous'd
To nightly vigils. Yet, while sharp disease,
Tho' slow, hung ceaseless o'er thee, thy pale lip
Still spake of Hope, nor lost in pain its smile.
Rest thou with God! with us, who yet remain,
Thy bright example! and, if such on earth
Our doom, Saint! sorely tried, breathe in our souls
A portion of thy spirit!—And thou, too,

With these, my playful child!—where now that voice,
Whose sound was as gay music? Thou art gone,
Whose fancy was the magic of bright dreams,
Making earth fairy-vision'd—sweetest flow'r
Cut off in beauty's bloom: in loveliest prime
Of life, when each new day new charms unfolds.
Thou art not, nor avails the tender thought
That dwells on what thou wert, on what hadst been,
(Train'd up by her who inly weeps thy loss)
If life had held its promise.

Ah, farewell!
I may not dwell, unblam'd, with vain regret
On those who are no more—
Yet—yet—farewell!

CONTINUATION AND CONCLUSION

OF

THE AIR—THE EARTH, AND OCEAN.

Arise! nor longer turn to fond lament
The strain of adoration!

Ye wing'd storms,
That sweep contagion off: ye clouds, that seek
The mountain's frozen brows, and down their range
Feed with perpetual lapse of winding floods
Earth's peopled realms! and ye, Etesian gales!
That know th' appointed times, and bearing on
Exultant Commerce o'er wide seas, in turn
Hold empire! ye, celestial ministers!
Accept my closing numbers.

Oh! were mine
The harp of Sion, and the hand to sweep

Its thrilling wires, responsive to that voice
Which, in the visitation of the winds,
Speaks unto earth and ocean!

" Roar, ye waves!
" And heave your mountain billows! and ye storms,
" Bear on your wings pure gales! and sweeping on
" Unwearied search the Deep, from sea to sea,
" If there corruption gender. Bow, ye woods,
" Till every leaf give answer. Earth, beneath,
" Has sickly taint, the spotted pest is sped
" On ravage; and where close throng'd cities send
" Their loud brawl madd'ning up, silently weaves
" For all the shroud of death. Lo, on the plains
" Mildew, and foul stagnation, and the fiend
" That to the sickle says, ' Away! 'tis mine
" ' The harvest; mine the seed of swart decay.'
" These fly the tempest's sweep. Where now, oh
" earth,
" The locust, the wing'd host? I heard afar
" The hurtling of their pennons, as they rush'd
" Impatient to devour. And who, but thou,
" My north-east! with the breathing of thy blast
" Confus'd the dark array, and, warping, drave
" Their battle down to ocean? and the Deep
" Lay still beneath their tumult."

Such his voice
Whose sound goes forth in tempest. Ye have heard,
'Mid summer seas, on islands of the sun,
Ye, too, have heard it, when th' infuriate gales
Rag'd, and rent earth reel'd on its central base
Beneath you? Oh, awhile forsake your haunts
On the green mountain slope, where now ye woo
The sea breeze, and the voice of murmuring rills,
Lapp'd in delightful day dreams, underneath
Cool arch of quivering foliage. Hang no more
O'er golden fruited groves, and plains that burst
With nectar harvests, whence the stir of men,
And pipe and song, immix'd with other sound
Of menace and lament. Away! unyoke
The slave: 'tis time: unyoke: foreboding signs
Give note. How! mark'd you not the conscious moon,
'Mid the dilated stars dimm'd in their sheen,
Crimson her silver crescent? and yon mounts
That shook their thick mists off, and stood confess'd,
As aw'd in unveil'd terror? Wherefore seen
Ere sun-set, in the depth of distant heav'ns,
Clouds behind clouds unrolling, whence pale fires
That faintly gleam'd, as if th' omnipotent arm
Had rent th' ethereal canopy, and show'd

Foreboding lightnings, ere yet launch'd to smite
The nether globe? That time, the earth beneath
Sent forth a sound as of a mighty wind:
Nor the deep wells kept silence, nor yet ceas'd
Ocean, when no gale stirr'd, to heave its strength,
And breathe foul taints. Fly, fly! the voice from earth
And sea is hush'd: o'er all, dead Silence reigns
Delusive. Hark! at once the tempest roars
Infuriate, wing'd with flame: the madd'ning winds
From every point, as in wild chaos old,
Immingle. To the bolt, launch'd down from heav'n,
Earth sends her lightnings up. And hark! the roar
Of ocean, and deep thunders, and prone floods
From flaming clouds, and hideous crash of woods
And fall of cities, tow'r and fort laid low,
As on the hurricane's outstretch'd pennons, Death
Shouts triumphing.—'Tis past: the beam of morn
Smiles, and from deep-delv'd caves steal slowly out
The bond slave and his lord, and to and fro
Stray in their fear, wide wreck and woe around:
Forgotten soon: for 'mid the storm rush'd down
The genial Pow'r, beneath whose sway the isle,
Ere long, exhaustless revels: as if earth
Had in the shaking of the blast thrown off

Her hoar decrepitude, and newly rob'd
In youth, and bloom of beauty, woo'd the sun.

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Not at list
The winds breathe light or boisterous; not at list
Wander capricious: each, call'd duly out,
Hears, and fulfils high mission. Does parch'd earth
Pant, and the cleaving glebe expose to light
The dry and wither'd root? Lo! from the west,
Clouds that show'r down abundance. Droops the plain
Deep-flooded? far, o'er land, the east-wind speeds
With dryness on his pennons. Claims the seed
Warmth of o'er-mantling snow? Comes not the north
With fleecy flakes thick-burden'd? and when Spring
Fears to unfold her blossoms, and hoar frost
Hangs, tinkling on the bud, how sweetly sounds
The south-wind from its pleasant place, and wakes
The flow'rets, and unchains the rills that shed
Soft dew-drops on the garland-tressed May.

Nor less, vast winds that sway the waters, hear
Like gracious charge celestial. Launch, then, forth

Adventurous, and behold how God has spread
The ocean out, and bad the gales there ope
The high-way of the nations.

Boasts, then, Earth
Her fixed state? and, gazing, proudly round
On the eternal hills, exclaims, " Oh, Man!
" Here rest: on my stability repose!
" Fulfil thy destiny here, where sleep thy sires,
" Each in his native soil! Oh, stay: Content,
" That met thee yester-morn, and to still vales
" Led thee at eve, shall it not greet with smiles
" Thy morrow as this day, and link in one,
" Age and the stripling prime? Rest here, nor
" dread
" The coming hour: enough, that God has fix'd
" Seed-time, and harvest. Let the mariner,
" At night-watch, with the many-shadow'd clouds,
" Hold question of the obscure and doubtful sign:
" And hear them, as endow'd with many tongues,
" Give answer. Let him commune with each star
" That cast its beam on th' billow, or pale moon
" That toils thro' sullen skies, or streaks of fire,
" Which, when sad eve the clouded welkin cross'd,
" Spake of near tempest. Recks it thee, what Night

" Says of the Morn? if fair, tell out thy flock
" On th' upland brow, and number their increase;
" Or hie to rural work, in sun or shade,
" Green forest, or the bean-field breathing sweats:
" Or, of thy toil make pastime, in the press
" Of labour thro' the sultry harvest moon.
" If tempests threaten, let the bleak storm burst:
" Holds not thy cot firm station upon earth?
" Falls not the slumberous rain-drop from thy eaves,
" While on the breast of love the brow of toil
" Lies sweetly pillow'd. There repose in peace
" Unquestion'd, while the song that lulls thy rest
" Dwells on the distant shipwreck, and vex'd men
" That with mad seas wage warfare."

Cease!—Have heart,
Brave mariner! and let their night-song close
On shipwreck and sea-farers! Steer thou on!
Traverse the watery world! from clime to clime
Pour forth on each the gifts of all, and link
Mankind in bonds of love: diffuse the light
Of science, teach the savage arts unknown,
And o'er the nations and lone isles bring down
The day-spring of Salvation.—Therefore, God
Spake to the winds an ordinance, and gave
The sun his station. Does the orb of day

Light up the eastern flood? the sea-breeze knows
Its harbinger, and ocean flows beneath
His beam, on progress: other winds, meantime,
Each in due season, slope from either pole
Their currents sunward. Lo! the Lord of Day
Drives up the northern signs: earth gladly drinks
His radiance, and the Pole that long lay hid
In gloom, unvisited of gladsome beam,
Forgets the darkness, while the broad bright disc,
Month after month, day ever without night,
Rolls round his brow reposeless. And the wings
Of mighty winds that bear his chariot, range
Beyond their former bounds: and sweeping on
South-eastward, half the year, athwart the sea
Of Araby, to shores where Gama found
Enthron'd the Zamorin; or round the Cape
By Taprobana, guide the vessel on
To Ganges, and the golden Chersonese:—
Or, further, past Sumatra, and the gulf
Of Siam, turn the prow, where foreign masts
Crowd in the Bocca-Tigris.—In old times
When they of Ishmael, who, on journey, came
From Gilead with their camels, bearing spice
To Egypt, balm and myrrh, and bought him, slave,
Whom visions of the Almighty preordain'd
For glory: and, in later times, o'erland,

When traffickers, 'mid deserts, drave their march
To Tadmor, and beheld, o'er pillar'd heights
That tow'r'd afar, like high-embowed woods,
The sun's proud temple soaring, serv'd not then,
As now, th' Etesian gale, and one its voice
Delightful heard on ocean?

" Hither come,
" Ye nations! for your fleets the billow flows
" Expectant: leave the land, 'tis tedious toil,
" Rude is the pathless mountain, and yon wastes
" Unfreshen'd by a rill: fly the wing'd sands
" That wait you, and wild Arab, eagle-ey'd,
" Loose from the bond, and brotherhood of Man!

" Hither, ye nations! to your fleets I call.
" I lead to realms where show'r and sunshine strive
" In emulous contest, genial both, which best
" Shall fertilise the soil, and gift its birth
" With grandeur, grace, and beauty. Nature, here,
" Knows not repose; on tendril, tree, and blade,
" Harvest succeeds to harvest: and the fruit
" That falls from the full branch, looks on the bud,
" Gay opening on the sunbeam. Bear from hence
" Your ivory palaces, and dow'r your brides
" With diamonds and rare gems. Behold yon woods

" Gigantic: they, in triumph, o'er the main
" Shall float your treasures, when the northern oak
" Droops, mouldering, on the sea-beach. Steers-
" man! hence!
" Lo! down the southern signs the Lord of Day
" Speeds his slope car.—Away: the wind and wave
" Flow, favouring thy departure: loose each sail,
" And shout along the main, " Yon world of waves,
" ' Jehovah, the Creator, spread it forth,
" ' Connecting every clime.' "

Hence Commerce speeds
Her fleets proud tilting o'er the brine, and sweeps
From shore to shore; or, lock'd in marble ports,
Emporiums of the world, in festive joy,
With flute and trumpet, and symphonious voice,
'Mid banners, and beneath the painted shade
Of pennants and gay streamers, bids the main
Keep holiday, and the still wave give back
The brightness of their bravery.

'Twas not thus
Of old, and time has been, on that wide sea
'Twas vacant all: all vacant: save amid
Th' expanse, one ark roll'd lonely; lonely roll'd
'Mid that wide sea. Voice then in human lip

None was, save heard of those within, whose pray'r
Was mingled with lament: of those within,
Sole remnant of a race, swept in their guilt
From being, and the earth which bore them, gone
With all its heritage. O'er these the wave
Had clos'd; and for the cry and confus'd stir
When nation after nation perish'd whole,
Silence and Solitude.—And on the Ark
Roll'd restless: and the tossing of that Deep
Was terrible, and terrible the roar
Of clashing elements: nor yet rent heav'n
Had ceas'd to pour down rain, nor yet the abyss
From every broken fountain to heave up
The Deluge: and the face of things was one—
A world of waters tempested. Oh, ye!
Who in the great Deep traffic, and implore
Its mercy, when the troubled ocean views
God in his sore displeasure, call to mind
The Patriarch, him, who o'er that delug'd world,
When the day saw no sun, the night no star,
Pass'd fearless, God his guide. On rolls the Ark:
And lo! from forth the multitude of clouds
The Angel of Omnipotence descends
In glory: underneath his foot, the world
Of waters peaceful lies, and o'er his brow
Radiant in opening heav'n th' ethereal arch,

Whose basis rests on ocean, brightly beams,
While, to adoring man, and earth restor'd,
The Angel, with uplifted arm, displays
The everlasting covenant, and shows
On that bright sign, that visible vow between
God and the world, the Maker and his works,
Justice and Mercy join'd.

POEMS.

Friendship—dedicated to * * * *.
Farewell to Bevis Mount—1789.
On Seeing in a Dream the Vision of my Mother.
To my Wife.
To my Sons.
Written in a solitary Inn between Munich and Augsburg—1817.
On the same place.
Retrospect. Written at Brighton—1820.

THE following Poems, and more particularly the last, entitled "Retrospect," comprise the chief events which have diversified a life of retirement, and of literary leisure.

> His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
> Officio—

LOWER GROSVENOR STREET,
May 17, 1825.

FRIENDSHIP—

DEDICATED TO *****.

I MAY not, tho' my spirit inly glows,
Breathe out your name, nor to the lyre reveal
The deep sensations that my lips conceal:
On your mute virtues silence shall repose.
Yet will I dwell on that auspicious hour,
When first we met in youth's delightful day:
And trace, thro' changeful years, th' unyielding sway
Of Friendship, whose indissoluble pow'r
Mix'd tear with tear, and smile with smile allied.
The cup we pledg'd, if Joy the chalice held,
Was doubly sweet: if Woe, 'twas half repell'd
By Sympathy, that would the grief divide.
So have we liv'd: and many a sun-shine beam
Has rested on our path, amid the gloom
Of misery mingled with Man's earthly doom.
Peace! on our evening hang her rainbow gleam!
Ere come that icy Night which chills the heart:
Ere yet—no more to meet on earth—we part.

FAREWELL

TO

BEVIS MOUNT.

MARY! ere yet with lingering step we leave
These bow'rs, the haunt of Peace, where many a year
Has o'er us pass'd delightful, if a tear
Stray down my cheek, not for myself I grieve.
Here thou hadst fondly hop'd till life's last eve
To rest. On yonder bank the flow'rs appear
Nurs'd by thy culture: there thy wodbines rear
Their tendrils. Thou, ah! thou, unseen, wilt heave
A sigh, what time we bid these groves farewell:
Yet in thy breast resides a soothing pow'r,
That sheds the sweet not found in herb or flow'r.
Oh, Mary! what to us where doom'd to dwell?
Enough, that Peace and thou can never part:
Belov'd of me the spot where'er thou art.

ON

SEEING IN A DREAM

THE VISION OF MY MOTHER.

NAPLES, MARCH 19, 1817.

LET me again that look that voice recall!
Again, beneath the sunshine and broad day
Dwell on the dream of night! so wear away
Hour after hour, till on my eyelid fall
The vision and deep darkness!—Honour'd Shade!
I may not from the shelter of the tomb
Woo thee once more to earth's uncertain doom:
Yet would I fain, the while in slumber laid
I breathe thy name, that thou, at that still hour,
As in my childhood oft at dead of night,
Shouldst like a blessing on my sleep alight,
And on my brow draw Heav'n's protecting pow'r.

TO MY WIFE.*

How, as I grace with thee my opening lay,
  How, with what language, Mary! may I greet
  Thy matron ear, that Truth's pure utterance meet
Sound not like flattery? In life's youthful day,
When to thy charms and virgin beauty bright,
  I tun'd my numbers, Hope, enchantress fair,
  Trick'd a gay world with colours steep'd in air,
And suns that never set in envious night.
Ah! since that joyous prime, beloved Wife!
  Years, mix'd of good and ill, have o'er us pass'd:
  And I have seen, at times, thy smile o'ercast
With sadness. Not the less my lot of life
With thee has been most blissful—heav'nly Peace,
  Thy guardian angel, Mary! has beguil'd
  My woe, and sooth'd my wayward fancy wild.
Nor shall its soothing influence ever cease,
Thou present, weal or woe, as may, betide!—
Hail, Wife, and Mother, lov'd beyond the Bride.

Fair Mead Lodge, Epping Forest,
July 17, 1806.

* Dedication to "Saul"—Book I.

TO

MY SONS.*

THIS Lay be yours! whom yet these haunts of Peace
Hold, where my childhood play'd, and still I trace
The bright sun rise, and close his summer race,
Nor wish for bliss beyond. Here soon must cease
Your pastimes. Manhood, from these sheltering shades
Beckons you forth: go then, but reckless not
Of those, who in this sweet sequester'd spot
Shed their lone tears upon the sunshine glades,
Your future fate revolving. Bear in mind
The lore here taught, and happiness, that sprung
Of innocence, perpetual carol sung.
Then—"Since to part"—to God's high will resign'd,
Advance where Duty calls—Enough to know
That Virtue guides to bliss, Vice leads to woe.

* Dedication to "Saul"—Book II.

WRITTEN IN A SOLITARY INN

BETWEEN MUNICH AND AUGSBURGH,

AUGUST—1817.

'Tis past—the agony of Fear—
The icy grasp of Woe:
At length I may indulge the tear,
And bid its solace flow:
And dwelling on the danger past,
And anguish too severe to last,
Breathe out what weigh'd upon the heart,
And feel the plaint so pour'd a sooothing balm impart.

Till now, all outward grief was still,
Still as the stifled breath:
While inly spake a voice of ill,
A tongue that dwelt on death:
When Love and Duty watching round,
No solace in each other found,

But fear'd to catch a whisper'd tone,
And view in every eye the pang that dimm'd their own.

Sore sickness on a foreign bed
A wife and mother laid,
A Husband o'er her bow'd his head,
Her children watch'd and pray'd:
And one, who claim'd not kindred blood,
As if she ey'd her spirit, stood,
And still incessant at her side,
With toil that never tir'd, a sister's love supplied.

I was that Husband, I that Sire,
My Daughters vigils kept;
And thou, consum'd by fever fire,
O'er whom we watch'd and wept,
My Mary! thine that languid frame,
Which sank beneath th' internal flame,
As hour by hour, and day by day,
And night succeeding night slow wax'd and wan'd away.

There as we watch'd thee, hour by hour,
We saw the fearful strife,
The tremulous poise of adverse pow'r,
The war of Death and Life:

When quicklier now, and quicklier prest
The hot breath heav'd the lab'ring breast,
And faintly now, and faintlier fell,
'Till in one long low sob it seem'd to breathe farewell.

But then—not then to deep despair
The heart was wholly given:
The spirit borne aloft in pray'r
Knelt at the throne of heav'n:
And when all human hope was gone,
Hung on Omnipotence alone,
On Thee, who from thy mercy-shrine
Deign'st to the cry of earth thy gracious ear incline.

The pray'r prevail'd: we saw thee move,
And lift th' uncertain eye:
But the fond lip that sooth'd thee, love!
From thine drew no reply,
Except an inarticulate moan,
Oft broken by a deep-drawn groan,
When thy tir'd hand that toss'd the bed,
Now, wandering, grasp'd the air, now search'd the throbbing head.

'Tis past—the bitterness is past—
Awake th' enlivening strain!

Each day beams brighter than the last:
Thou art thyself again.
Thine eye the kindred eye has found,
Thine ear has drank a kindred sound:
To thee our heart's deep joy is known—
Yes—thou hast made our bliss the measure of thine own.

We shall around Love's golden chain
New links of love entwine,
And closer to our bosom strain
Each heart that lighten'd thine—
Will not that hand be fondlier press'd
That stole the anguish from thy breast,
And blessings on that brow repose
Where thou wert wont to rest, and pain's slow eyelid close?

Let us, while life yet lasts, retain
Remembrance of that woe,
So from the couch of transient pain
See tenderest transport flow.
And when beneath o'ershadowing death,
The last " Farewell" exhausts our breath,
Oh, may we on those brows, so blest,
Clasp'd in each other's arms sink down at once to rest!

But if just heav'n that pray'r deny,
Be mine! by thee to stand,
Catch thy last look, thy farewell sigh,
And hold in death thy hand:
Then kiss ere yet to darkness giv'n,
On thy clos'd lip the seal of heav'n—
So shall thy bliss assuage my woes,
Ere, Mary! in thy tomb my Spirit find repose!

ON A LONE DISTRICT

BETWEEN MUNICH AND AUGSBURGH.

The traveller onward speeds his pace
Regardless of thy scene,
And resting on some lovelier place,
Forgets thou ere hast been:

But—on the loveliest spot on earth,
Tho' Home that spot may be,
As thou hadst welcom'd in my birth,
My Spirit dwells on thee.

The woes I there endur'd awhile
Thy memory more endear,
For thou beheld'st my brightest smile
Beam from my bitterest tear.

RETROSPECT.

WRITTEN AT BRIGHTON—1820.

ARE ye the same?
Ye Downs! gray cliffs of Brighton, and thou, Sea,
Rolling in thy sublimity?
Thou, on whose shore, in other time,
The May-day of my prime,
I challeng'd the swift billow, as it leapt,
To catch my light foot, racing, fearlessly,
On the dank rocky edge,
Lin'd by the sea-wrack sedge,
While the wing'd foam around my temples swept?
Art thou the sunny strand,
Along whose level sand
My frolic step its untaught measures kept,
Attemper'd to the music of the main,
As Echo from her cave breath'd back the ocean strain?

The Downs in vernal robes are dress'd,
On the gray cliff the sunbeams rest;
The sea beneath their radiance bright
Beams like an element of light,
And o'er the bosom of the deep
Soft sea winds in their freshness sweep:
These are not chang'd: 'tis I alone,
Thus musing here on joy foregone.

'Twas youth's enchanted ear that gave
Its music to the wind and wave;
'Twas youth's charm'd eye that deck'd the scene,
That rob'd the Downs with fresher green,
And cast o'er all that broad bright sea
The spell of Nature's wizardry.

Yet—o'er the mirror of the mind
The beauteous visions pass,
And leave a lingering shade behind
As Memory holds her glass.
Once more I hail that golden time,
The brightness of my vernal prime,
When, as my step was passing o'er
The bound where youth and manhood meet,
And in my pulse ambition beat,
A lovely image came my charmed sight before.

O'er me a voice celestial stole,
That sooth'd the swelling of my soul:
It bad Ambition's turmoil cease,
It spake of paths that lead to peace,
Haunts where contented spirits dwell,
And bards that love the woodland dell,
Draw down in hallow'd solitude
High visions that the world exclude.
It spake of days that at their close
Sink into nights of calm repose,
And dreams of guiltless pleasure born,
That fly the opening lids of Morn.
It warned me that to man was given
A Being, form'd of earth and heaven,
That here the soul might undergo
Temptation, and the test of woe,
And in its passage to the tomb
Prepare, self-judg'd, its future doom.
It warn'd me that the vital breath,
That quickens here the seeds of death,
Teems with a life that ne'er shall die,
Whose birth is immortality—
It warned of life that shall recall
Earth's transitory interval,
And fix on scenes that pass'd below
Th' eternal seal of bliss or woe.

While thus the sounds like music stole,
And sooth'd the swelling of my soul,
Mary! methought thy voice I heard,
And thine the form that there appear'd.

" Yes—(I exclaim'd) 'twere sweet, 'twere blest,
" In woodland haunts with thee to rest,
" There nurse in hallow'd solitude
" High visions that the world exclude:
" So pass o'er earth's uncertain stage,
" And close in peace my pilgrimage."

If yet—one spot, one resting-place
Where Peace may build on earth her bow'r,
And in its hallow'd haunt retrace
A dream of Eden's blissful hour,
'Tis in that sole that sacred spot
Where Innocence and Woman dwell:
'Tis in that heart which, wavering not,
Believes what God has deign'd to tell,
And anchoring its Hope above,
Passes o'er earth in sinless love—
Such, Mary! thy unsullied heart,
And such the spot where'er thou art.

'Twas not th' unfolding of the rose
That in the cheek's fresh vermeil glows;

Not Health, whose fragrant lip exhales
The breath it stole from morning gales;
Not the smooth front, as spotless fair,
As chaste as Guido's angel air;
Nor the blue eye that brighter far
And steadier than Eve's herald star,
That passes lonely o'er the Deep
When Ocean rests in summer sleep:
It was not these that touch'd my heart,
And held me from the world apart:
'Twas the pure soul that glow'd within,
'Twas Innocence that thought no sin,
'Twas Fancy, whose keen glance, unsated,
Beam'd on a world herself created,
And, like the sun that pours alone
The beauteous light it looks upon,
Embellish'd every form it view'd,
And its own charm in all pursu'd.
'Twas more than these: 'twas fearless youth,
Whose guardian was celestial truth;
'Twas instinct that, like lightning, caught
The slow result of patient thought;
'Twas quick sensation, that convey'd
The answer that the lip delay'd:
'Twas the first thought that spoke the soul,
Nor sought reflection's slow controul;

'Twas force with gentleness combin'd,
Mildness of heart with strength of mind,
And Virtue, to itself severe,
That gave to woe—to sin—a tear:—
These were the charms that chain'd my heart,
And held me from the world apart.

And yet I knew not at that hour
The influence of thy gentle pow'r:
I deem'd not that the future day
Would still some latent grace display,
Some virtue more and more reveal,
That youth and beauty half conceal:
That when affliction's keenest dart
Pierc'd with domestic wound my heart,
Thy gentle spirit would sustain
My soul, and lead to peace again,
Teach me to bear the trial grief,
And in submission find relief.

Mary! I led thee to a plain
Where Hanton meets the Southern main,
And bids the enchanted eye survey,
Throughout the windings of her bay,
Scenes such as charm the midland sea,
Thy bow'rs of bliss, Parthenope!

Yet here the forests wider sweep,
And on the margin of the deep
The broad oak, shadowing o'er the main,
Spreads, conscious of its future reign.
Lovelier than Caprea's rocky head,
Green Vectis from her ocean bed
Lifts to the sun her beauteous form,
And, mid-way, meets the billowy storm.
The abbey here, 'mid pathless groves,
Breathes of the peace Religion loves;
Nor wanting to enchant the eye
Proud wrecks of ancient chivalry,
Castles that climb the steep ascent,
Bold as St. Elmo's battlement.
Turret, and fort, on Time's gray wall,
Whose shades along the sea-line fall,
Nor gardens that, like Chaia, shed
Their bloom on Ocean's azure bed.

There, in thy youth, thy beauty's flow'r,
Mary! for thee I deck'd the bow'r,
And woo'd the Muse to haunt the grove,
Sacred to Peace and wedded Love.

Be witness, thou, how peaceful pass'd
Our years, each happier than the last,

While bloom'd around us in that grove
The fruits and pledges of our love,
And hope with each new day arose,
And soothing visions blest its close.

Mary! thou inly sigh'dst farewell,
And thy mute tear in secret fell,
When from those bow'rs, that southern strand,
I led thee to my native land,
A region where the eastern gale
Cuts with rude breath the flow'ry vale:—
Yet—soft the hills, and rich the meads
Where Lea his silvery windings leads,
Or bursts, by wintery torrents fed,
O'er the low level of his bed,
And spreads round Waltham's Saxon fane
Floods that new-robe the pastur'd plain.

I led thee to a forest glade,
A green isle girt around with shade,
Woods where of old, with hound and horn,
The Norman hunter woke the morn:
Where yet along the grassy lawn
At dim of eve, and gray of dawn,
The deer his silent way pursues,
And prints his hoof in treacherous dews.

The Keeper's lodge, our summer seat,
A wild, sequester'd, still retreat:
Where each new day but more endears
Some vestige of my earliest years,
Some fav'rite spot in grove and glade,
Where in wild woods my childhood stray'd.

Are these the haunts where stray'd the child
Thro' thorny brakes 'mid woodlands wild?
How chang'd the scene! With fond delay
The woodman, lingering on his way,
Asks the cold soil, and clay-bound earth,
What magic hand has chang'd its birth,
Or art—if art, in that recess—
Has tam'd the forest wilderness?

Mary! thy hand has touch'd that place,
And o'er it cast an added grace,
That oak, that elm, that beech are thine,
Those bow'rs that breathe of eglantine:
It was thy hand that rear'd my grove,
And lin'd with moss the seat I love,
Entic'd the ivy twine that weaves
O'er the thatch'd roof its glossy leaves,
Shap'd each gay plot that decks the scene,
Varied my walk their flow'rs between;

And from Italia's fragrant shore
Gay shrubs to deck my dwelling bore.
Thou bad'st the myrtle scent the gale
With sweets that breath'd on Arno's vale,
Woo'dst gentlest Zephyrs to awake
The flow'rs that glow'd on Como's lake,
And Britain's boldest suns illume
The Pæstan rose's double bloom.

Ah! ere shall pass another age
What foot will haunt our hermitage?
Who—of thy flow'rets, ere they fall,
Will wreathe one grateful coronal?
Who? From yon mansion's statelier bow'rs
At vernal tide, at sun-set hours,
Our children's children shall retrace
Our path round that deserted place:
Now down the rude romantic dell,
Where one bold oak o'erhangs the well,
Now thro' the leafy labyrinths stray,
Now thro' the thick fern force their way,
Or where the woods afar recede,
Pursue it on the level mead,
Around our lone and little lake,
Where the deer loves his thirst to slake,
When Summer on the sparkling stream
Darts the broad sunshine's noon-day beam.

If there no lingering trace be found,
All pass away, all change around,
That little lake no more supply
A mirror to the starry sky,
If the unsparing axe invade
Each sacred bow'r that guards our glade,
May one, one monument remain,
The patriarch of the woodland plain!
Long may it tow'r that Druid oak,
That whilom felt the woodman's stroke,
Then, as disdainful of the blow,
Drove its gnarl'd roots more deep below;
And proudlier to the tempest spread
An ampler girt, a broader head.
There, underneath its brow that rears
The burden of a thousand years,
Beneath the arms whose branch of yore
The quiver of the Norman bore,
And heard the twanging of the yew,
When Harold's shaft like lightning flew:
There shall our children's children trace
Some feature that endears the place:
Picture anew the hunter's cot,
Thy favourite glade, my peaceful grot,
And, tracing each familiar spot,
Tell of the lady who array'd
With flow'r and fruit the woodland glade;

While her own grace to Nature lent
A temper'd, chaste embellishment.
And tell of him, who in these bow'rs
Gave to the Muse his summer hours,
Now tun'd to British chords the strain
Whose sweetness charm'd the Mantuan swain,
Wound Oberon's horn, or boldly woo'd
Th' Athenian Muse with blood embru'd,
When Frenzy, as the murd'ress pray'd,
Sheath'd in a mother's breast the blade:
Now track'd along the Alpine snow
The victim of remorse and woe:
Now wept th' imperial heir who fell
By murder in Ladoga's cell,
Or, glorying in his country's fame,
Hymn'd Pæans to a Nelson's name.

While underneath that gloom profound
They look on our enchanted ground:
Be their's the peace that once was our's,
Bliss that once dwelt within those bow'rs;
When in the blossom of their May
Our children, in life's holiday,
When the full moon, at magic hour,
Shot thro' the leaves a spangled show'r,
Trac'd on the dew-empearled glade
Fresh rings that fairy feet betray'd!

Or they themselves, like fays at sport,
Made that lone spot our elfine court,
Laid the fresh garland at our feet,
The thymy bloom and meadow sweet;
Or for our beverage gather'd up
A dew-drop in each acorn cup;
Then girt our moss-throne, hand in hand,
And we were Lords of Fairy-land.

Is there a poignant woe that lends
To Death a keener dart,
And with unerring vigour sends
The weapon to the heart,
The heart that, brooding o'er its grief,
Steals not from Time a late relief?

'Tis when Death, passing o'er the sire,
Has youth untimely slain:
When they, who should have breath, expire,
They, who should die, remain,
And feel—how dire in that reverse—
Man's mortal sin, Death's penal curse!

Where now the hand that lock'd in our's
So fast, so fondly clung?
Where now the lip, whose mimic pow'rs
But echo'd back our tongue?

The eye that brighten'd at our sight?
Cold—voiceless—clos'd in utter night!

Ah! where art thou, my Elder-born?
Thou, on whose natal morn
The voice that spake thy birth,
Bad me look up from earth;
"The shade of Death has pass'd thy threshold o'er:
"The tear is turn'd to gladness: mourn no more."

And was the tear to gladness turn'd?
Ah! had I then thy doom discern'd,
Had Heav'n the page of life unseal'd,
Had Time his awful form reveal'd,
And rent the veil of darkness, thrown
In mercy o'er the dread unknown,
Ah! what had been a father's pray'r?
But Hope had spread his rainbow there,
And brighten'd to the beaming eye
The vision of futurity.

Where now th' enchanting vision, the fair dream?
Gone, like the rainbow gleam,
That in its splendour vanisheth:
Dark as the solar beam,
That in the fullness of its light
Suffers eclipse ere sunk in night.

Thus, thou wert doom'd to death,
And in the brightness of thy day,
In life's meridian course its glory pass'd away.

Its glory!—for thy Spirit was endu'd
With quick and keen intelligence,
That with an eagle eye pursu'd
Thro' the dim veil that clouds the outward sense,
In all, whate'er it view'd,
Its essence, and its soul,
And seiz'd with eagle grasp the undivided whole.

Thee, pure Ilyssus rear'd, and the fair stream
Which fed the bow'rs of Academe:
Thee, Anio rushing down its rocks amain;
And the slow wind of waters, whose soft gliding,
The trembling reeds dividing,
Freshens the Mantuan plain:
And all in after time,
Of rich-inwoven rhyme,
That borne down Arno to the Tuscan sea,
Varies the voice of melody:
And all that Danube in his wanderings fed,
Or Tajo's golden bed.

But—neither these

